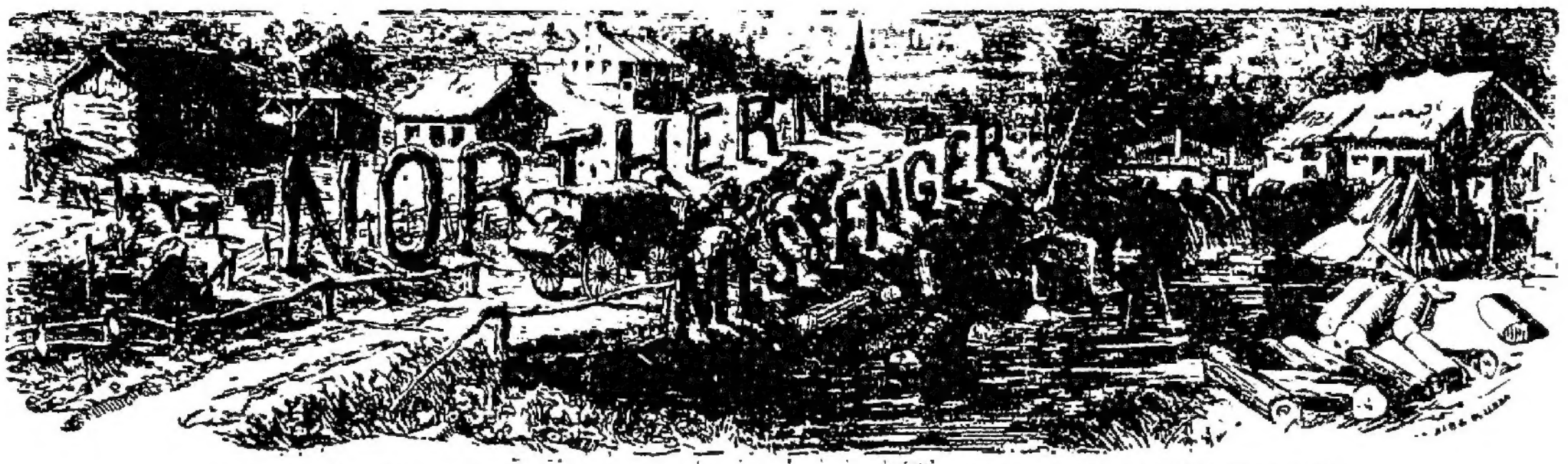


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XII., No. 14. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1877. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 6 after their name will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

THE PLANT THAT EATS FLIES.

There is found in Florida, a wonderful plant with large yellow flowers which are very conspicuous on the damp pine-barrens of that State. The wonderful part of this plant is not its flowers, but its leaves. These leaves are from six to twelve inches in length and are hollow and shaped like a trumpet. They stand very erect, as may be seen in the picture, and the opening is covered by a rounded, arching hood. The inside of this hood is very brilliant, with veins of scarlet running upon a yellowish ground. On the outside of the leaf from the base to the top runs a broad wing bound or edged by a purplish cord. A lady who wished to study these curious plants went to the place where they were growing, and watched them carefully. She saw ants and other insects crawling up the cord on the outside of the leaf, feeding as they went on some sweet stuff which had oozed out of it. She saw many going up, but none coming down, for when they got to the top they disappeared inside the opening. She took a number of the leaves home, and setting them upright in vases of water, sat down to watch what the flies in the room would do. They soon gathered around the leaves, and almost as soon as they had tasted the secretion they began to act strangely. They became stupid and paid no attention to her efforts to shake them from the leaf. If she touched one it would fly a short distance away, but it invariably returned to the leaf and was very soon buzzing inside the tube, trying to walk up the dry, smooth surface and ever falling back until it was exhausted and still. The lady, Mrs. Treat, would take a leaf and turning it upside down knock it until she had liberated all the flies that were in it, but before long every fly found its way back again and walked in as if fascinated by a new spell. On opening the leaves after they had been a day or two in the house fifty or more flies would be found in a single one. Wasps, cockroaches, and other insects were attracted in the same way that the flies were.

THE PITCHER-PLANT (SARRACENIA VARIOLARIS).

This plant is, therefore, you will see, an insect trap: but this is not all. The most curious part is yet to come. The plant actually feeds upon the insects which it catches. The lower part of the tube is a sort of stomach. Long hairs as represented in the picture all pointing downwards are scattered thickly over the surface. If a leaf has caught no prey the hairs are clear and very transparent, but very soon after an insect is caught the hairs begin to absorb, and granular matter may be seen extending along their entire length. When a small number of insects are caught they seem to be digested quickly and no disagreeable odor is detected; but, on the other hand, when a large number are caught a disgusting odor is observed. But the plant seems to thrive on this filthy mass of putrid insects, and in time absorbs all save the dry remains of the wings of beetles and other hard parts of the bodies of insects. So this plant feeds upon carrion and sets a tempting bait to lure insects into its fatal trap. The sweet secretion on the outside of the leaf is in fact an intoxicating beverage which those who once taste cannot bear to leave. They taste and taste again, each time advancing nearer to the fatal trap from which there is no way of escape. Curious, is it not, that flies should be so foolish! But not so curious as that men and women with minds should act in a precisely similar manner, and walk so willingly into a trap set for them, alas! that we should have to say it by other men and women who are willing to make money out of poisoning their fellow-creatures.

WISER THAN HER DOCTOR.

I was deeply impressed by something which an excellent clergyman told me one day, when there was nobody by to bring mischief on the head of the narrator. This clergyman knew the literary world of his time so thoroughly that there was probably no author of any mark then living in England with whom he was not more or less acquainted.

It must be remembered that a new generation has now grown up. He told me that he had reason to believe that there was no author or authoress who was free from the habit of taking pernicious stimulants, either strong green tea or strong coffee at night, or wine, or spirits, or laudanum.

The amount of opium taken to relieve the fear and wear of authors was, he said, greater than most people had any conception of, and all literary workers took something.

"Why, I do not," said I, "fresh air and cold water are my stimulants."

"I believe you," he replied. "But you work in the morning, and there is much in that!"

I then remembered, when I had to work a short time at night, a physician who called on me observed that I must not allow myself to be exhausted at the end of the day. He would not advise any alcoholic wines, but any light wines that I liked might do me good. "You have a cupboard there at your right hand," said he; "keep a bottle of hock and a wine glass there and help yourself when you feel you want it." "No, thank you," said I, "if I took wine it should not be when alone, nor would I help myself to a glass: I might take a little more, and a little more, till my solitary glass might become a regular tippling habit; I shall avoid the temptation altogether." Physicians should consider before they give such advice to brain-worn workers.—*Miss Martineau's Autobiography.*

LITTLE SUSIE.

BY MRS. H. P. CADWELL.

While riding in the cars a few months ago, my attention was arrested by the sad, pale face of a little girl who sat a few feet in front of me on the opposite side of the aisle. She could not have been more than ten or eleven years of age, though care and sorrow had so impressed themselves on her childish features that she seemed to have passed wholly out of her teens. Her dress betokened extreme poverty, while a certain artistic arrangement made you feel that its wearer was susceptible of the highest degree of fastidiousness if circumstances had not placed it entirely out of her power to gratify this trait of feminine character. In her lap she carried a small willow basket, whose contents were unknown except a faded bouquet and an old tumbler containing a specimen of rose-geranium, and by her side was a dilapidated bird-cage, with a beautiful canary singer inside.

The appearance of this little girl, with her low, broad forehead, her unusually intelligent eye, interested me as few children ever do, for I fancied she resembled one now among the angels, who once had called me "mother." So I left my shawl as a seat-retainer, and went to chat awhile with the lonely orphan, as I was certain she must be. I enquired if she was travelling alone, and with a sad smile she replied:

"No, ma'am, my father is in the smoking-car."

Her look of sadness changed to a tender, winning smile of childish joy, when to open the acquaintance, I praised the bird and the geranium.

"Dickie is not very pretty," she said, "but it was my mother's bird, and I love it dearly, and he was so lonesome, poor thing, and wouldn't sing for a long time, and sometimes wouldn't eat, and I thought he was going to die too; then Mrs. Elliott told me to bring him to her house, for she had several birds, and lived in a warm brick house, with south windows, and he soon forgot his sorrow and sang the sweetest of them all. I want every day to see him, but I am afraid he will miss that pleasant room and get sick again, and he is all I have that my mother loved."

Upon enquiry I learned the mother had died a few weeks previous, leaving a nice baby, which, happily, soon followed its mother. I enquired if she was pleased with the idea of going to B——, their destination.

"I don't mind going *there*, for Aunt Amanda lives there, and I shan't be 'alone' so much nor have to work so hard, but——" and here, touched by my apparent interest in her, she broke down completely, and sobbed as if her little heart would break.

With my handkerchief I wiped away the tears, which, as the outflow of a dear child's real grief, seemed sacred, and told her I was sorry for her; that I had two little girls, and that I should like to do something for her, even as I would wish to have my darlings befriended were they in her place.

"Oh!" said she, "my poor, poor father!"

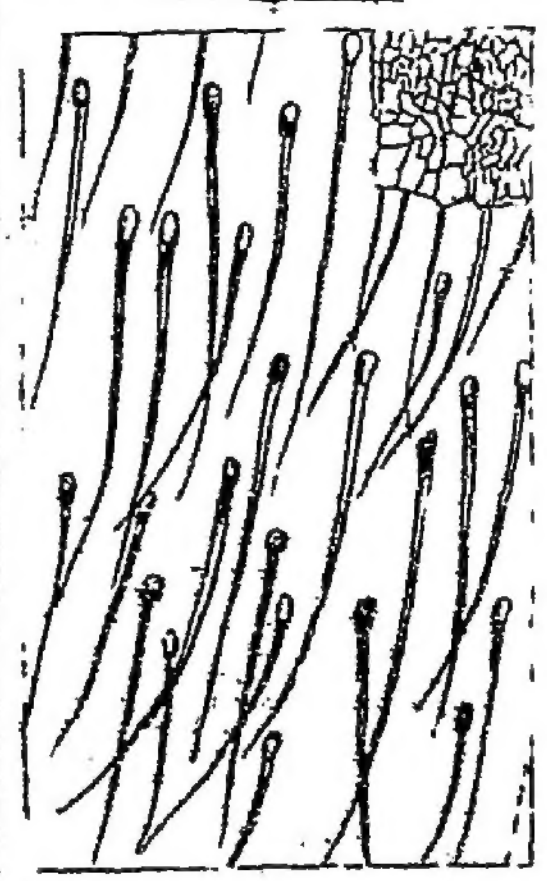
"Isn't your pa good to you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think he means to be, but he isn't like he used to be before we went to Omaha. He worked in the railroad shops, and was such a good workman, but they couldn't keep him any longer 'cause he drinks so much, and we didn't always have coal nor things to eat, and I'm sure that's what made my mother die. Oh! I can't love my pa like I used to, but ma said, 'Susie, be good to pa, maybe he won't drink always.'"

Here the shower of tears was interrupted by the entrance of the father, accompanied by one of his boon companions, so I left her trying to hide the evidence of her grief, and to suffer for having confided in a stranger. Poor Susie, I may never see her on earth again, but I should glory to be one of that noble band of women whose motto is "Death to King Alcohol all the time, and everywhere!"

THE SABBATH HELPING OUR DEVELOPMENT.—The Sabbath gives us a new start in our life journey. It counteracts the gravitation of sin and sense and mammon, and sends us forth again with new enthusiasm, thanking God that we are training for something nobler than this earth can give. We are in our lives like a schoolboy learning to write, and every week is a page in our copy-book. On the first line the Lord Jesus has set before us his own beautiful example, and we start out to imitate it. But as we go down line after line, we too largely lose sight of that which he has written, and when we get to the bottom it is all irregular and blotted, and the paper is blistered with our tears of regret. Then comes the Lord's day again; and Jesus, speaking to us words of cheer, turns over the page and takes the pen once more, giving us another pattern, and we are comforted and encouraged. So we try again. Thus page after page is covered. It is poor work enough, but the penmanship improves a little every time, and it is much better at the end of the book than at the beginning, for at the bottom of the last page the Master writes, "Well done!"—*Rev W. M. Taylor, D. D.*

—The rapidity of sewing machine work, even when not working beyond an ordinary manufacturing speed, is seen in the manufacture of 110 three-bushel sacks per hour, containing 35,640 stitches, or close on 600 per minute.



HAIRS OR ABSORBING GLANDS FOUND IN THE LOWER HALF OF TUBE

Temperance Department.

[For the Messenger

JIM ANDERSON'S LEGACY.

(Continued.)

The interior of the farmhouse was scrupulously clean, but the furniture was scanty and of the most ordinary description. There were three rooms on the ground floor, two of them bed-rooms, while the other was the "living room, being very large. Outside of the back door was a small cooking shed. A ladder up to a trap door in the ceiling suggested a loft for storing away things, and perhaps attics for the accommodation of "shake downs" for casual visitors. Mrs. Anderson was a good-looking, cheerful little woman, and her four children were modest, healthy-looking boys, all under ten years of age.

It was not long before the thrifty housewife had her table spread with abundance of that Canadian farmers great staple article of diet, pork and seasonable vegetables, as also a goodly supply of milk, custards, fruit, &c., which we enjoyed thoroughly.

After dinner, Miles Anderson took us over his farm. We traversed over a good many rocks before we came to any arable land. At length we came to a small patch of potatoes, and as I beheld them growing amidst that chaos of rocks, I could not suppress a feeling of pity for the poor farmer—who in a thankful sort of manner, praised up the advantages of his farm. By and by we came to another patch of land planted with corn, and after that another patch with wheat, and so on, till we came to the shore of the lake. I think poor Anderson must have exaggerated when he said he had twenty acres of arable land out of his hundred.

"You must have paid very little per acre for land like this," I said to Anderson, who had been showing off his farm to its best advantage.

"I have paid nothing for it in money, although I labored fifteen years for it, I may say. The farm was left to me by my uncle," replied Anderson.

"Labored fifteen years for a farm like this! Why you astonish me!" I replied.

"Ah!" said Anderson, "there's a long story connected with that—a long story and a sad one—but I try to be contented with my lot. I make a living, and that's more than a good many people do; and I hope by the time my lads are grown up, I shall have something put by to give 'em a start in life. I am raising a good many sheep,—that pays better than anything else in these parts—but they are hard creatures to raise and need a good deal of care. I lost twenty lambs last year by the frost."

While I was talking to Anderson, Rawlings wandered away from us, and I noticed him straying on the top of a group of rocks looking around him. He soon came back, however, and we all returned to the farmhouse.

Mrs. Anderson had cleared away the dinner things and put the house in order during our absence and she now sat hearing her little boys read by turns out of the Bible. Not wishing to disturb the mother in her laudable occupation Rawlings, Anderson and I sat in the long porch that fronted the house, and fell into conversation upon general topics, which eventually led to the spiritual condition of the people of the neighborhood, and the sickness of the minister. Anderson seemed much interested in the subject of religion, and I was surprised to discover that he was a man of considerable knowledge. He was also a man of piety as could be seen by the reverential manner in which he had asked the blessing upon our late repast, and the tone of his conversation. A spirit of quiet contentment seemed to pervade his character, and I was surprised at this, because, from what I had seen of his worldly possessions, I should have thought he had much reason to be discouraged at the blank prospect of success which lay before him. Under the brightest auspices his poor farm could never bring him independence, could never raise him from a life of drudgery. All the available bits of land upon his farm were already under cultivation and his eighty acres of rocks would yield him nothing but a scanty nibbling for his live stock—he could never hope to alter their sterile and unproductive nature. Not to my notion. Miles Anderson's was an unenviable lot, and in the course of our conversation I endeavored to put into the scale of his contentment.

"Would you not feel happier if you had a farm a little nearer civilization and more adapted to cultivation than this one?" I asked.

"I might better my circumstances," said he, "but I should not feel any happier than I do amid these rocks. I was born upon this farm, or rather the farm to which this once belonged, and there are circumstances connected with my life that seem to bind me to this locality. Indeed, I dare not leave it, for I have an indelible impression (instinct if you like to call it—that my mission on earth is right here among these rocks. I inherited this hundred acres from old Jim Anderson, my uncle, who left also, as an accompaniment, a most unusual and unpleasant bequest."

Here Anderson paused a moment, and with a saddened expression, stared almost vacantly upon the rock bound solitude that surrounded his humble dwelling. Something not unlike a tear seemed to linger in his eye as he continued,—

"But the poor old man's brain was clouded, and I have forgiven him from the first. It turned out a blessing after all, all manner of blessings have come to me since then—a good and happy wife, healthy and happy children, and the little I can raise on the farm is of the best quality, and I have had an inward peace which is better than all other riches. I feel that I did my duty by him while he lived—struggled hard to reclaim him."

He paused again, and, turning to Rawlings, continued,

"Ah, sir, you don't know what comfort I took from your sermon this morning, 'Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' I just needed what you said to refresh my spirit, which sometimes almost gives way when I think of uncle Jim's legacy."

"I am overjoyed to think that the Holy Spirit visited you through such a poor instrument," said Rawlings.

"You seem to speak of an additional legacy to the hundred acres. May I ask what it was?" said I rather nervously.

"It was his curse!" replied Anderson, solemnly.

"His curse!" reiterated Rawlings and I simultaneously.

At this moment, Mrs. Anderson appeared at the house door and said, "Tea is ready, please come." As we rose to go into the house, Anderson said, in a low tone,

"It is a long story, and if you like I will come your to camp to-morrow and relate it to you."

We both invited him cordially. After tea Rawlings and I returned to camp where we found our faithful dog "Watch" on duty, and very glad to see us back.

We did not sit up very late this evening as Rawlings said he wished to be off early in the morning. After turning in, our conversation touched upon the events of the day. I could not help thinking about the curse that had been bequeathed to poor Miles Anderson by his uncle. I wondered what such an apparently good sort of a man could have been about to merit such a terrible thing from a dying man as a curse, and then I began to consider what importance could be attached to a human being's curse. The curse of a patriarch of old might have been something very terrible, but I questioned very much, whether, in this nineteenth century, any man's curse amounted to anything, beyond a sort of disagreeable impression upon the recipient. I asked friend Rawlings what he thought about it. After a moment's reflection he replied,

"Well, it all depends upon the circumstances of the case. The curse of a dying man or woman upon a murderer, seducer, or malignant enemy, must leave upon the recipient a certain vague dread of coming retribution, even without a verbal or documentary curse. Such characters must suffer periods of intense mental agony, which would be terribly enhanced by the curse of those they had injured, but, to my mind, an innocent person could live very tranquilly if a dozen curses were hurled upon him by man alone. You seem to forget that both you and I are at this moment the subjects of the most appalling curse that ever emanated from the human brain. It has been on our fathers for generations, our ancestors have gone down to the grave with it, and our children after—if we ever have any—will carry the curse also. Yes, we are badly cursed, you and I."

"I should very much like to know," said I, sitting up in my bed, "what man has had occasion to curse our forefathers and ourselves? As far as your own family is concerned, of course I cannot judge, but for my own family—"

"Yes yes," said Rawlings, humorously, "very respectable no doubt. I merely refer to the universal curse of His Holiness the Pope upon all heretics."

"True, I forgot about that gentleman," said I.

"Did you ever read the sickening details of that most fiendish anathema?"

"No, never," said I.

"Then," said Rawlings, "you had better do so and I'll warrant you will not soon forget it. The world contains nothing written that is more absolutely devilish. A glance at that hellborn document alone is sufficient to keep me at any rate, out of Romanism. It is the sublimification of anti Christianism."

"After that, friend Rawlings," said I "we had better go to sleep."

"So be it," replied he.

I dreamt about Miles Anderson's farm and spent a very busy night thereon, superintending the movements of a large number of work-people, dressed in white trousers and black cloth coats, who continually ran about with wheelbarrows containing all manner of household goods, pianos, bedsteads, sticks, book cases, cooking utensils, but what struck me as being most singular was, the vast amount of newspapers and magazines that lay scattered about all over the farm, and my constant anxiety was to watch that nobody lit his pipe, for fear he might throw away a lighted match and thereby cause a great conflagration. Some such catastrophe would no doubt have taken place had I not woke up a little before sunrise.

I sprang out of bed, made a fire, put on the kettle and then jumped into the lake, where my friend Rawlings soon joined me. After a glorious swim we took breakfast and started upon our day's tour of observation. We took our skiff for the purpose of visiting some of the many islands that beautified the lake. The contour of the lake shore was exceedingly tortuous, and in consequence of the large amount of dead timber that lined the margin of the lake, it was at times difficult to gain a landing where Rawlings desired. He was unusually silent, but extremely watchful of the different rock formations which we passed this morning. Sometimes he would say, "Hold on a moment," and then I would "back water" while he would stand up in the boat and scrutinize the landscape. Then we would row to the shore, and he would strike a rock with his hammer furiously, and picking up the pieces that he had broken, examine them carefully. Then he would turn round and gaze over the water to an island, and suddenly exclaim, "We must go to yon island." Away we would skim over the bosom of the lake. Arriving at the island Rawlings would dart off into the thicket and in a few moments I would hear the click, click, click of his geological hammer. Back again with more rock fragments, he would say, "Let us row to yonder point,—I'm on the track." At the point it would be difficult to land, perhaps, and Rawlings would hop over floating timber, and perchance his foot would slip and down into the depths would he go,—only to rise again the moment after and scramble to the shore, where he would penetrate through tangled thickets and soon be lost to my sight. And there I would sit in the boat waiting for his return, which would not be sometimes for an hour. I would listen to the cracking of the thicket or the click of his hammer in the distance and at length hear a shrill sharp "Hallos!" from some point farther up or down the lake, where he had chanced to strike the water again after his ramble through the almost impenetrable woods. Then I would row up to the spot and take him on board again.

I was quite accustomed to my friend's vagaries in his geological pursuit; and, after a series of ramblings of the nature above described, I was not at all surprised to hear him this morning say, "We must go back again to our starting point and take another direction." It mattered not to me which direction we took so long as I was pulling the boat and had my book and trolling line along. Boating was my passion, and as we always carried plenty of lunch with us, I never cared to return to camp until the shades of evening began to fall.

We now took the direction indicated by my friend, and by noon came to a point on the main shore of the lake, apparently about three or four miles from our camp. Here we landed upon one of the wildest-looking strands imaginable, and making a small fire, prepared a cup of tea and ate our luncheon.

"I want you to come along with me," said Rawlings, after we had finished our refreshments and had a merry chat, "I believe I am on the point of making a most important discovery, and we shall need a puck and shovel."

So I took a puck, while Rawlings shouldered the shovel, and away we started. I know nothing of geology to speak of. I had nothing to do with my friend's survey,—I was only his friend and companion; but I dearly loved being asked by him to lend a helping hand occasionally,—because at times, when I would see him slaving away, tramping, climbing, searching and delving while I was doing nothing, I would feel as though I were a sort of drag upon his energies. I was glad, therefore, when, with a puck, I followed Rawlings into the chaos of rocks, brambles, burnt timber and wild undergrowth. He gave me a piece of rock and bid me be on the look out for similar out-croppings on our journey.

We had a signal about by which to find each other when separated. The difficulty of getting through the wood at first occupied all my attention, and it was some time before I attempted to make any examination of the ground. At one time, thinking a snake was at my feet, I made a spring which landed me between the limbs of a tree, where I hung suspended and had great difficulty in extricating myself. There were two things I dreaded in going through these dense thickets, viz: snakes and hornets' nests. Nothing would make me jump higher than a snake, and nothing make me run faster than a swarm of hornets. Having constantly in mind these two evils, it is not strange that I paid little or no attention to geology until I arrived alone at a clear space of ground, where I suddenly came upon some of the same kind of rock that Rawlings had given me as a sample. I struck the rock with my puck and examined a piece more closely. It was exactly the same kind of rock as my sample. I shouted out at the top of my voice "Eureka," and very soon Rawlings appeared upon the scene.

"Ah!" cried he, as he gazed upon the rock, "you said correctly, 'Eureka;' you have, indeed, found it."

"And now that I have found it, what is it?" I asked.

"It is a very strong indication of a very large deposit of iron in this locality," and taking out of his bag a magnetic dip needle, he held it over the rocks. The needle stood perpendicular! He walked along, still holding the instrument, from rock to rock, into the wood, and still the needle pointed downwards.

"We will make a small opening just here," said Rawlings, pointing to a spot where the earth was a good deal discolored.

I fell to with my pick and made the earth and stones fly around. We made an opening half way up a large mound and shovelled away the *debris* until at length the pick struck against a solid rock. We cleared out all the dirt, and with one huge blow with the pick, broke off from the hard wall a number of black and heavy fragments of iron ore. There was no mistake about the iron deposit now; there it was, black, purplish-looking and almost pure. We went to work with a will and uncovered the vein, which we found to be about thirty feet wide.

"Here is an immense fortune for somebody," cried Rawlings, as he surveyed with satisfaction the result of his professional labors. It is the finest bed of iron I have ever discovered, but I am not altogether unprepared for this streak of fortune,—the rock formations have indicated this for some days past, but I did not like to mention it. I wonder whose lot this is!"

"It is getting late now, we had better return to-morrow and make enquiries," I said.

"Let us cover up the hole before we go," said Rawlings, and suiting the action to the word, we both fell to and returned the *debris* to its original place, and scattered over the spot a lot of old timber, &c.

Returning to the skiff, we pulled merrily at the oars and were soon again at our camping place. In the excitement of the day's work we had forgotten the promised visit of Farmer Anderson, and it was not until he came in sight that we remembered it.

The supper being over, we spread our buffalo robes on the ground in front of the tent, and gave ourselves up to general conversation, which soon led to the subject of old Jim Anderson's legacy.

"Now, Mr. Anderson," said I, "this is a fine opportunity for you to tell us about the unpleasant legacy you spoke of yesterday."

"It is a long story, and I have never told it before to any one, but as you, gentlemen, seem interested, I will give it to you," said Anderson. So seating himself comfortably, he began as follows.—

"My father, Miles Anderson, and his brother, James Anderson, emigrated from Scotland over half a century ago. I have heard father say they brought a little money with them. After trying their fortunes in Lower Canada for a while, they came to Upper Canada, and after many adventures arrived at Toronto when it was but a small place. The two brothers then separated for a number of years, and when they came together again they determined to stick together for the future, and as time rolled on they came to these parts and took up three hundreds of acres of land. Do you remember seeing a fine stretch of farming land to the east of my farm yesterday?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I remarked it particularly."

(To be Continued.)

MORE PROOF FOR PROHIBITION.—More proof for prohibition is found in the fact that the entire liquor interest of Massachusetts was found bitterly opposing the passage of the prohibitory law. Probably never before in the history of the movement has such a severe pressure been brought to bear upon members in any other matter of legislation. The traffic saw in the prohibitory law its death-knell. It saw itself outlawed, and rallied all its political and financial strength to defeat it. Liquor politicians of both parties joined hands in unholy alliance to continue the sanction of this grand old commonwealth to the infamous traffic. Verily, prohibition does prohibit, and none know this better than the liquor-men of Massachusetts.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

NOT BURIED ALIVE.

For some years past I have taken great pains to ascertain the truth in regard to the published statements of persons being buried alive, under the supposition that they were dead. In every instance the story has proved to be false.

Yet there is not a year without the horrible narrative of somebody somewhere being consigned to the tomb, and, for some cause or other, the grave or vault being opened, the discovery was made that the buried individual had "come *to*," and had perished miserably in frantic efforts to obtain deliverance. It has been my habit, on seeing in the newspapers one of these statements, to send a letter of enquiry to the minister or some other resident of the region, requesting the precise facts in the case. *Invariably* the story proves to be a fabrication, or a growth out of something that had nothing terrible in it. One person heard somebody say that she had heard of a man who told another that he believed that a man had been buried before he was dead. And then it gets into the papers, and into the traditions of the neighborhood, and then into the books, and so it becomes a part of the grave-yard literature of the world.

The latest instance to which I have attended, is that of Dr. Green, of Hoosic Falls, N.Y. Some few years ago he lay two or three days in a trance. A few weeks ago he died. At the proper time he was laid in a vault. When it came to be talked about that he was once in a trance state, there was some anxiety as to his condition, and the vault was visited, only to find the most obvious evidence—the same that Lazarus gave—that he had been dead all the time he lay there. But this was enough to start the story, and the telegraph, not from *Hoosic*, N.Y., but from *Bennington*, Vt., sent the startling intelligence that signs of life were discovered, the body was taken home, and the result was awaited with intense anxiety. I wrote to a friend in Hoosic and learned the facts, which are without any romance or sensation. The doctor died and was buried. That is all.

Now, I do not deny that such dreadful accidents as premature burials may and do happen. There are on record some instances of which there is no reason to doubt the truth. But even this is admitted with a mental reservation, for the books insist that no authentic cases are on record. The mother of the Scotch preachers, the Erskines, is traditionally held to have been placed in a vault when she was supposed to be dead. A ring on her finger tempted the sexton to undertake its abstraction, but when he used his knife she started from a trance, he left somewhat hastily, she followed him and went home, to the great surprise of her husband. This is the tradition, but if it were traced to its source, it would be found as unfounded as all the rest. No better proof of the unreliability of these stories than the results of the system adopted in Germany, of placing the dead in houses prepared for their reception where they are watched professionally until decay makes it oblivious that life is extinct. At Mentz, a surgeon was forty-five years attached to one of these houses, and, although it was rare for the house to be without an inmate, in all that time there was not an instance of a person being restored. When I was at Halle, and at the grave of Gesenius, I asked the sexton to show me the arrangements to prevent premature burials. He was an old man, sextons are often old men, he led me to a house near the gate of the cemetery, in one of its two rooms was a bed, on which the body of the one supposed to be dead is placed, it is covered up, as in sickness, and the air carefully kept in a state favorable to health. On each finger is placed a thimble and from each one extends a thread, passing through the wall to a bell so delicately hung, that the least pulsation or movement of a finger would set the bell ringing, to the alarm of the attendant, who instantly flies to the reviving coffin.

And now many times, in your long service, have you rescued your customers from an untimely grave?"

Not once," he answered. "I have never had a case of recovery, nor of one who has given any signs of life."

"Have you heard of any cases in other places?"

"It is said that one was saved in Erfurt, but it is only a report, may be true or may be not."

This is the testimony that comes uniformly from all the books and all the countries where the subject receives careful attention. While it goes to show that instances of premature burial are exceedingly rare, it does not show that such cases are impossible. In times of prevailing epidemic, when bodies are carried off by authority as rapidly as possible, to retard the progress of pestilence, it would not be strange if mistakes were made. Asiatic cholera sometimes brings the victim to a state of apparent death, from which he may recover, under careful and persevering treatment. But in the common course of human experience, the approach and advent of death are so clearly defined, and certainly is so easily had, that premature burial can be possible only from great carelessness or indecent haste. The ordinary tests of the breathing may fail, but the action of the heart can be detected by the ear, even when the most delicate hand fails to discover it by the sense of feeling. In new-born infants, it is difficult to detect the motion for some minutes together, but in the case of others, the interval between pulsations of the heart does not exceed six or eight seconds. And if this examination is made twenty-four hours after, death is supposed to have taken place, the fact is made certain one way or the other. There are other tests which may be readily applied, but they are not needed in the case of persons dying under ordinary circumstances. The customs of civilization, the dictates of natural affection, and the most rational judgment require such an interval of time between death and burial, as to make the case palpable to the senses, so that no possible doubt can exist. It is not likely that one case of *doubt* occurs in each million of persons buried, and the one case of doubt would prove to be a certain death in nine cases out of ten. From all which I infer that the nervous apprehension some people have that they will be buried alive, is just as unreasonable as it would be for a man to expect to be taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire. Such an event has occurred, and it is not impossible that it may again. But it is not probable.—*Irenæus, in N Y Observer.*

PROTECTING IRON FROM RUST.

Professor Barff, of London, explained his important discovery for protecting iron from rust, before a scientific audience, at the Civil Service Institute, on Monday, and he illustrated its application, especially to iron ships. Professor Barff's discovery is pronounced by competent persons to be of the utmost value to the iron industry of this country. In explaining the happy accident which enabled him to do what chymists had so long found impossible, the Professor said.—"Several chymists have told me their experiments 10 or 12 years ago with a view to convert the surface of metal into the black oxide so as to prevent corrosion, and they all failed at one particular part of the process, for they could not get a hard and coherent surface of oxide. My early experiments were made in an iron tube, 10 inches long by 2 inches diameter, the two ends being closed with iron clips, and into it an iron pipe was fastened, one for the passage in of steam, and the other for the outlet of hydrogen. Into this small chamber pieces of iron were put, and the chamber itself, in an ordinary furnace, and heated to a red heat, generated steam being passed into it. The iron was coated with black oxide, and hydrogen gas escaped from the exit tubes. The black oxide could sometimes be dusted off, at other times it seemed coherent, but on exposure to the air it was thrown off in powder or flakes. On one occasion when taking a piece of iron out of the chamber, I noticed a brownish red tint on it, and at once concluded that some of the red oxide of iron was produced on the surface and mixed with the black oxide. The idea struck me that the presence of moisture in steam formed the red oxide, which was afterwards reduced to metallic iron by the hydrogen, and that the reduced iron was converted by steam into black oxide. Experiments confirmed this surmise. I had a coil of iron pipe made, and attached to the iron chamber between it and the ingress tube, and so constructed that it could be put into the chamber with the furnace. The steam therefore passed slowly through the heated coil of iron pipe before coming in contact with the iron to be acted upon, and nearly the first experiment showed me that a hard coherent coating adhering to the iron could be produced. The two conditions necessary to success are the exclusion of atmospheric air and the perfect dryness of the steam. Under these conditions the literal spreading of rust already present is prevented by this system of oxidation, and under the coating of black oxide rust cannot be formed." The lecturer then showed a piece of boiler plate which had passed through his furnace and had been for some time immersed in water. It was perfectly free from rust, and the black coating of oxide firmly adhered to its surface. From this it was concluded that an oxide boiler plate with holes drilled through and rivetted with oxidized rivets could not lose any of the coating, although the coating of the heads of the rivets might be interfered with. Thus the plates can be rendered "irrustible," and it would take a very long time for iron-rust to eat vertically into the head of a rivet. Various pieces of black oxide, which had been placed in salt or taken from the seashore, were then exhibited and shown to be perfectly free from rust, demonstrating that sea-water does not decompose it. Helmets, swords, scabbards, and all bright iron and steel work in use among soldiers might be subjected to this process with great advantage, for it would not, in the opinion of the lecturer, interfere with the strength or tenacity of the metal, and it certainly hardens the surface. The lecturer added that he was conducting a series of experiments on some boiler tubes, which had been subjected to the action of water at very high temperatures, but he was unable to give the result, as the experiments were not yet completed.—*English Paper.*

Blue Glass.—But how are we to explain the marvellous cures that have appeared to be effected by the blue-glass treatment? We are inclined to think that the sunshine which did *not* come through the blue glass was the curative agent, rather than that which traversed the colored panes. We believe in the beneficent influences of sunshine,—the pure natural article, and not merely the residual rays that got through the Pleasanton strainer. We do not doubt the honesty of the General, nor that he really believes he is improving on the divine gift of sunlight, by his blue-glass filter; but even if it were a deliberate deception, we could forgive him for it, so long as he requires only one blue pane to seven colorless ones. Anything that will induce people to let the sunlight into their houses is to be welcomed, if there be a spice of quackery in it. The mischief done by blinds and shades is great and we can be grateful for any harmless delusion that helps to get rid of these perverted contrivances for shutting out the sunshine. We have no doubt that many who are now taking their daily sun-bath, innocently tempered by the cerulean admixture of Gen Pleasanton are receiving more of the direct sunlight in a day than they have been in the habit of getting in a week or month before, and we must be pardoned if, not looking at the subject through blue glasses, we ascribe the benefit they derive from the bath to that single fact.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

—It is related that on the occasion of a dinner given by Dr. Schliemann to some of his intimate friends in Athens, Greece, he exhibited an oil-painting of the remains of Agamemnon—as he had no doubt about the identity of the skeleton—recently exhumed by him at Mycenæ. The painting is well executed, and the guests counted his teeth, measured his proportions, and concluded that Agamemnon was physically well-proportioned. The skeleton itself is carefully guarded at Mycenæ, as it can not be removed by ordinary means without destroying it.

—There is a very simple way of avoiding the disagreeable smoke and gas which always pours into the room when a fire is lit in a stove, heater, or fireplace, on a damp day. Put in the wood and coal as usual; but before lighting them, ignite a handful of paper or shavings placed on top of the coal. This produces a current of hot air in the chimney, which draws up the smoke and gas at once. Not one person out of fifty ever thinks of this easy expedient.—*Scientific American.*

—Water-proof paper has been introduced as a sheathing for the hulls of iron ships. It is designed to be secured to the submerged portions of the hull by means of marine glue. From experiments made with iron ships, the paper sheathing is reported to be of great value as a shield against barnacles, sea-weed, and corrosion.

DOMESTIC.

WHAT MAKES A HOME?

If you find it difficult to obtain good "help," you have still one resource. Can you not simplify your mode of living a little? It is surely better that you should entertain less company, or, what amounts to the same thing, be content to entertain less ostentatiously, that you should set a plainer table, and that your weekly wash should contain fewer frills and furbelows, than that you should worry yourself and your child in a vain attempt to keep everything up to your prescribed standard. It is well to aim high; but he who overshoots the mark falls as completely as he whose arrow falls below it, and he does overshoot it who sacrifices health, comfort and happiness in the endeavor to grasp at an ideal good.

I have never visited your home, yet I think I can see what is likely to be one of your stumbling-blocks. What is the object and end of good housekeeping? Is it merely to have the brightest silver, the clearest windows, the cleanest carpets, the whitest linen, the most faultless ironing, the greatest variety of viands, the most delicious pastry and the most crispy of pickles? Or is it to create a happy home—a home full of light and warmth and radiance—a home that shall be a perennial fountain of refreshment—a home in whose charmed atmosphere even transient guests shall find rest and peace, and from which they shall go forth cheered and strengthened?

It has been said that we women make gods of our houses and our housekeeping. An overdrawn statement; yet one that may well cause us to pause and reflect. By so much as the house and its appointments is supreme in the affections of the wife and mother, by so much will the home proper, the sacred penetralia, the holy of holies, be robbed of its due. By so much as it is supreme, I say. Not that it should be neglected, not that it should be undervalued. But it is the shell, not the kernel. It is the body, not the soul, and as "the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment," so should every house be subordinate to the home. She makes a sad mistake who shuts out the sunshine lest her carpets fade, who closes her best and most convenient rooms lest a fly should tarnish their immaculate paint, who buys costly furniture that the children must never touch, who puts her choicest books and loveliest pictures out of the way, where they are unable to do their ordained work as comforters, as strengthers, as educators, lest, forsooth, they should be injured. Many a house is far too nice to be comfortable.—*From "The Household."*

Economy in the Kitchen.—A valuable lesson in the economy of animal food may be learned from the almost universal practice of the common people in France. It is in the use of the *pot au feu*, the pot on the fire. Instead of an open fireplace they have a shelf of iron, with an opening in which to set an iron pot, movable, but seldom moved, and in which are openings for other purposes. Beneath one of those openings or gratings, fuel is placed and kindled in quantities just sufficient to boil the kettle, or to cook the article, steak or cutlet, on a dish above it. On the middle of this iron shelf a pot is always setting, into which pot are put all the fragments of meat cut off in preparing a piece for cooking, and all the bones carefully broken, and bits left after the meal. This pot is seldom allowed to boil, but it is made to simmer by every process of cooking that goes on during the day, and every time the coffee pot or the tea-kettle is made to boil. This perpetual simmering gradually softens and reduces to a state of nutriment whatever flesh or bone substance is put into the pot. The fat is carefully skimmed off and reserved for use, and a portion of the rich remaining liquid may at any time be ladled out to make the foundation—the *matériel*, they call it,—of a soup. Upon this foundation is made a great variety of nourishing and toothsome soups, by the addition of vegetables of every kind, and of sweet fragrant herbs, some of these, onions and garlic, for example, are used more profusely than would be agreeable to most American palates, but some of the sweet herbs have an effect which seems like a pleasant addition.—*N. E. Farmer.*

White Mountain Cake (fine).—Cream until very light one coffee-cupful of butter. In cold weather this should be done by the stove, but in warm the cellar is the best place. Add slowly, stirring all the time, two cupfuls of sand sugar, and when the mixture is light, add one coffee-cupful of new milk, in which a tea-spoonful of soda has been dissolved; when well mixed, the yolks of five eggs. Rub thoroughly into four and a half cupfuls of sifted flour two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and stir in the butter, alternating with the beaten whites of three of the eggs, reserving the other two for the icing. Either bake in three pans, or six round jelly plates; in the latter case, put a chocolate mixture between the layers of three of the cakes, and the other three the beaten whites of the two eggs adding four teaspoonfuls of fine sugar. On top of each layer of cake and icing put grated cocoa-nut an inch in depth, and finish with it at the top. The desiccated cocoa-nut will answer, but the freshly grated nut partly dried is much better.

Chocolate Icing for the Cake.—Have a deep tin plate or shallow pan, perfectly clean, put into it two ounces of Baker's chocolate, not grated or broken up, and set in the stove where it will melt gradually, but not scorch; when melted, stir in three tablespoonfuls of milk and one of water, mix all well together, and add one scant teacupful of sugar, boil about five minutes, and while hot, and when the cakes are nearly cold, spread some evenly over the surface of one of the cakes; put a second one on top, alternating the mixture and cakes, then cover top and sides, and set in a warm oven to harden. All who have tried recipe after recipe, vainly hoping to find one where the chocolate sticks to the cake and not to the fingers, will appreciate the above. In making those most palatable of cakes, "Chocolate Eclairs," the recipe just given will be found very satisfactory.

THE CLEANSING BLOOD.

A visitor among the poor was one day climbing the broken staircase which led to a garret in one of the worst parts in London, when his attention was arrested by a man of ferocious and repulsive countenance, who stood upon the landing-place, leaning with folded arms against the wall. There was something about the man's appearance which made the visitor shudder; and his first impulse was to go back. He made an effort, however, to get into conversation with the man, and told him that he came there with the desire to do him good and to see him happy, and that the Book he had in his hand contained the secret of all happiness.

The ruffian shook him off as if he had been a viper, and bade him begone with his nonsense or he would kick him down stairs.

When the visitor was endeavoring with gentleness and patience to argue the point with him, he was startled by hearing a feeble voice, which appeared to come from behind one of the broken doors that opened upon the landing, saying,--

"Does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

And it was repeated in urgent and thrilling tones,—

"Tell me, oh tell me, does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

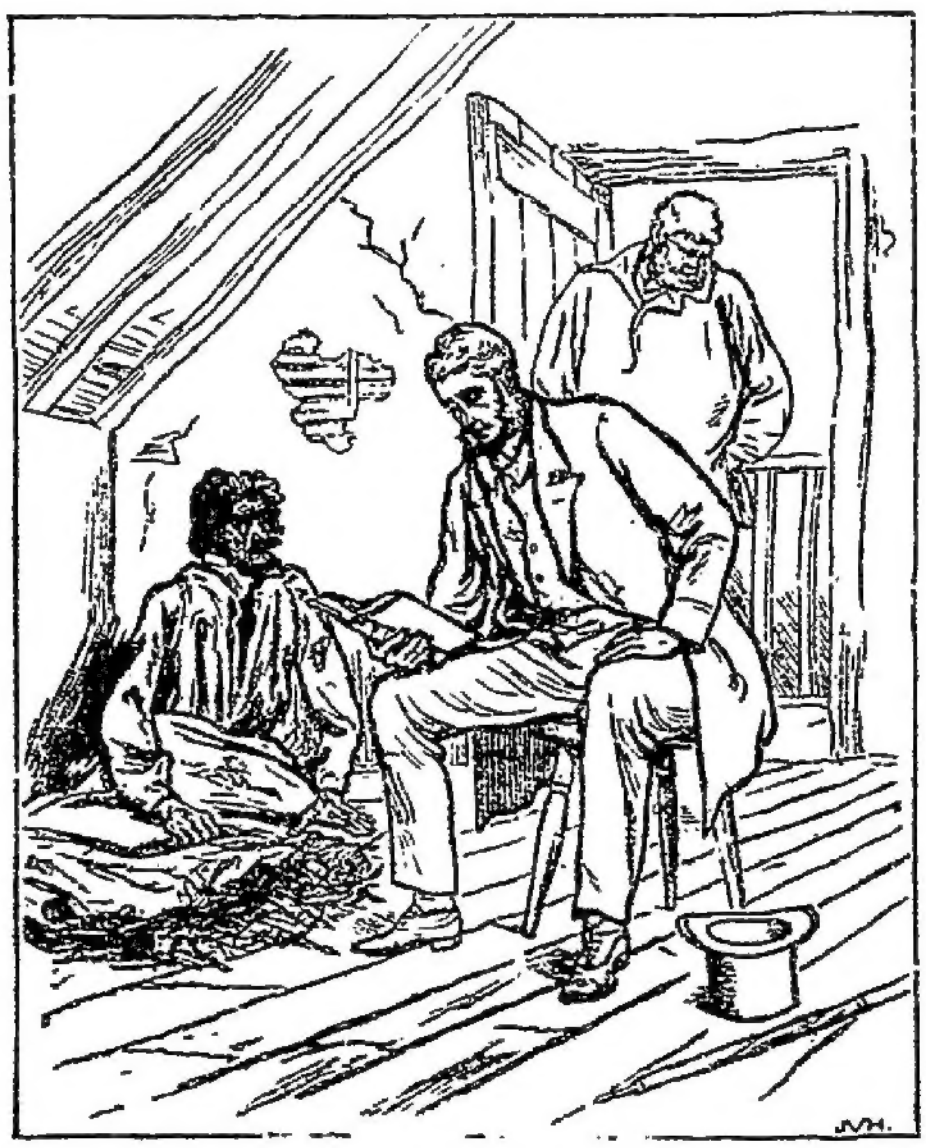
The visitor pushed open the door and entered the room. It was a wretched place, wholly destitute of furniture, except a three-legged stool, and a bundle of straw in a corner, upon which were stretched the wasted limbs of an aged woman. When the visitor entered she raised herself upon one elbow, fixed her eyes eagerly upon him, and repeated her former question,—

"Does your Book tell of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

He sat down upon the stool beside her and enquired,—"My poor friend, what do you want to know of the blood which cleanseth from all sin?"

There was something fearful in the energy of her voice and manner as she replied, "What do I want to know of it! Man, I am dying! I am going to stand naked before God! I have been a wicked woman, a very wicked woman all my life. I shall have to answer for everything I have done," and she groaned bitterly as the thought of a lifetime's iniquity seemed to cross her soul. "But once," she continued, "once, years ago, I came by the door of a church, and I went in—I don't know what for. I was soon out again, but one word I heard there I never forgot. It was something about blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, if I could hear of it now! Tell me, tell me, if there is anything about that blood in your Book."

The visitor answered by opening his Bible and reading the first chapter of the first epistle of John. The poor creature seemed to devour the words; and when he paused, she exclaimed, "Read more, read more." He read the second chapter—a slight noise made him look around; the savage ruffian had followed him into his



mother's room, and though his face was partly turned away, the visitor could perceive tears rolling down his cheeks. The visitor read the third, fourth, and fifth chapters before he could get the poor listener to consent that he should stop, and then she would not let him go till he promised to come again the next day. He never from that time missed a day reading to her until she died.

Every day the son followed the visitor into his mother's room, and listened in silence, but not in indifference. On the day of her funeral he beckoned the visitor on one side, as they were filling up her grave, and said,—

"Sir, I have been thinking that there is nothing I should so much like as to spend the rest of my life in telling others of the blood which cleanseth from all sin."

Thus the great truth of free pardon through the blood of Christ sinks into the soul and saves it. Thus grasped, when all else is gone, it has power to sustain the drowning spirit, and lift it up above the floods that are going over it.

HOW TO MAKE PATCHWORK QUILTS.

Now, little maidens, what say you to making some patchwork? It is just the right kind of occupation for winter afternoons, because then we have time to cut out the patches and to select and arrange the different colors and patterns. My friends are quite amused at my fondness for doing patchwork. I carefully collect every scrap of satin, velvet, silk, or printed cotton, which comes within my lawful reach, and on a wet or gloomy day, or when I am alone, I always bring out my bundle of pieces, and spend a few hours in this to me very interesting employment. I could show you a counterpane made of white and colored cottons, and two eider-down quilts which have had their faces covered with small patches of colored silks and black satin. But I must not chatter about my own achievements, but rather help you to accomplish something of the same kind.

As pieces of silk and satin are not so easily procured, and as these materials rove quickly, I think it is best for young beginners to try their hands upon colored cotton patches. It would seem to me great extravagance to buy any kind of material for this purpose, or even to take large pieces of which other use might be made.

Most likely you will be able to find some bits left from your washing dresses—print, cambric, or piqué (muslin is too thin to use). If you cannot discover any you must ask your dressmaker, and I feel sure that she will supply you, if you remember to say "If you please." My mother had what she called a "bit drawer," into which she used to put all kinds of odds and ends, and into this deep drawer I was allowed to dive whenever I wanted materials for a doll's new garment or patchwork scraps. Now I have a drawer of my own of this description, and most useful do I find it.

Well, suppose you make a counterpane for a doll's cradle or bed. The pattern shall be stars of colored cotton surrounded by patches of white calico.

Fig 1 shows the exact size of each patch. This must be cut in stiff cardboard, and used as a pattern by which to cut all the paper patches you require.

It would be wasteful to take clean, unused paper, and as newspaper is too thin for the purpose, I always have a stock of old envelopes and printed circulars. This preparation for the work is the most irksome part of it, but it can be got through quickly if you adopt the plan of folding the paper several times, and in this way half a dozen hexagons or diamonds may be cut at once.

Exactness and neatness should be particularly observed when making patchwork—exactness in cutting out the papers, for unless every paper is precisely alike, it will not fit in with its next neighbor when placed in close position, and, when this happens, the awkward one has to be turned out as useless, and a perfect one found to put in its place.

I should cut out at least a hundred papers, for quite that number will be wanted, and it is so much less trouble to prepare them all at once. Let us now look over the white and colored cottons, and cut out a quantity, the material has to be turned over, and tacked down on to the paper, so that it must be cut larger. When you have got little piles of papers, and

little heaps of coverings, then you can lay down the sciissors. and take up a needle and cotton.

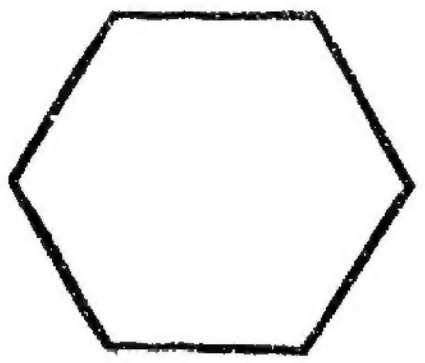


Fig. 1.

Here again I practise economy. As the covers are only tacked on, and the threads have to be pulled out when the patches are sewn together, I use any kiud of colored thread, or tacking-threads which have been used before for other work.

This part of the work also requires careful attention; if the pattern is striped, the stripes should run straight, whether down or across, and the material must be turned down evenly, the corners neatly arranged, and an extra stitch put through them to keep them in order. When we have got a great many patches ready, then comes the pleasure of putting them together. We must place them on the table to see the effect before we venture to join them to one another.

Some times I contrive to have the six round the centre all alike. Sometimes I have three and three alike sometimes I have two and two alike, and sometimes I choose that every one of the six should be different in color and pattern. But I always put a plain color in the centre of every star, and I always make all the patches round the centre of pattern cottons. A light centre looks best with dark patches round it, and a dark centre with light colors. Do not use any of

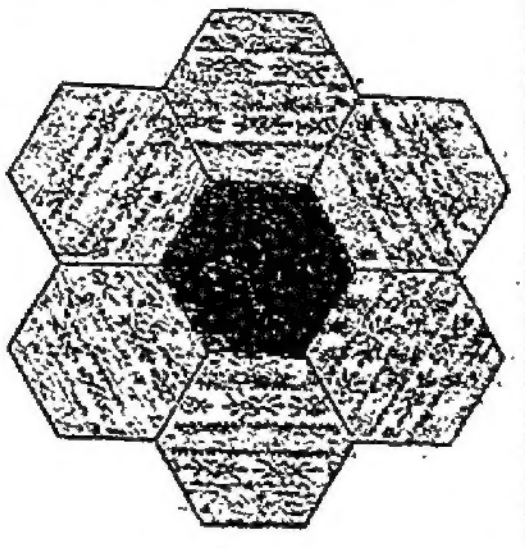


Fig. 2.

the plain white ones, they must be kept entirely for the ground-work. Make a good many stars, and then you will have plenty of choice. Fig. 2 shows you what they look like. I must tell you that the patches are sewed together on the wrong side. Put two patches face to face, very precisely, now sew them very neatly, take small stitches close together; if you put your needle in far from the edge, or if you use coarse cotton, there will be a thick ridge, and then the patches cannot lie flat.

In this pattern no two stars should touch one another, the pure white patches should come between them everywhere; sometimes only one white one is needed to divide the colored stars, sometimes we have to put two or three, in order to keep them apart. I need not tell you any more. The piece gradually gets larger until it is the size you want it, then you take out the tacking-threads, and pull out all the papers (these can be used again, so put them into a bag).

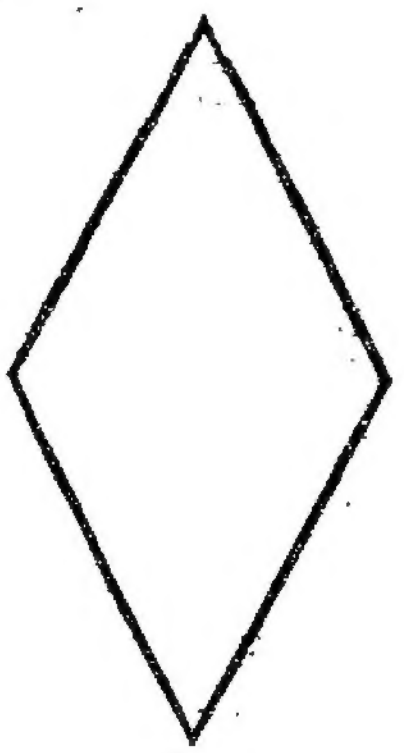


Fig. 3.

Now iron it on the wrong side, then turn in, and tack down the edges, get a piece of thin white calico with which to line it, and coax your mother to stitch the two together round the edge in her sewing-machine. Now behold a pretty piece of work

I always count the papers after I have abstracted them, and then I know how many patches I have made and put together. I had 1,320 out of the last piece I did; 1,770 out of the piece before that!

There are a great many effective designs for patchwork, but when we undertake to carry out one which is very special, I always find that a great deal of some particular kind and color of material is wanted, therefore, as I never buy any, I am content to execute simple designs and then I need nothing more than the odd scraps I have at hand.

I am now making a sofa-quilt; this is too great an undertaking for any of my lassies, but you might covet a sofa-cushion. My pattern is the "box pattern;" it is rather a troublesome design, for the pointed corners are tiresome both to cut, to cover, and to sew together, but the effect is very good. Fig. 3 shows the size of each patch. Fig. 4 shows the arrangement of the box. No 1 is light-colored silk, No. 2 dark silk, No.3 is always to be black velvet or satin.

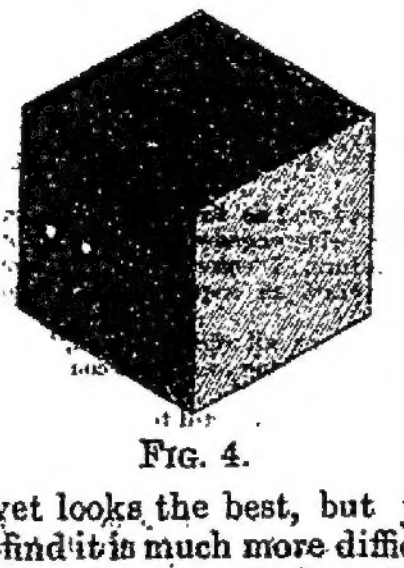


Fig. 4.

Velvet looks the best, but you will find it is much more difficult to sew velvet neatly than it is to sew satin. If you cannot get either satin or velvet you must be content with black silk. These boxes are sewed one to another, but remember, please, that the black diamonds represent the lids of the boxes and therefore take care and have all the boxes the right side up.

THE BEST SCHOLAR IN THE CLASS.

Lucy Morris was called the best scholar in her class at the Sabbath-school. No matter how wet the day, Lucy was always in her place; and, better still, she was always in time, although her home was some distance away. She was never known to bring an imperfect lesson.

But unfortunately, Lucy Morris at home and Lucy Morris at school were two very different characters. Lucy was the eldest of six children; and her mother, who was a widow, had to work very hard all day to support them all. You will suppose that Lucy, being eleven years old, could take charge of the little ones, and help her mother in many ways; but instead of being useful, she was often more troublesome through her wilfulness and carelessness than any of her younger sisters and brothers.

"Lucy, Lucy!" her mother would, perhaps, call from the foot of the stairs some Sabbath morning, "come down and help to wash the children and get breakfast ready." No answer. Lucy pretended not to hear. Another call. Lucy opened the bedroom door about an inch, and cried, "I am looking through the chapter we are going to read with teacher at Sabbath-school, mother."

Sometimes her mother let her remain; but at times she made her come down, and then the poor little children had a hard time of it.

"Lucy is in one of her tempers," they whispered, crouching together to escape the smart slaps she distributed right and left, as she seized one after another, and roughly washed their faces and combed their hair.

Then Lucy would begin to spread the table for breakfast, setting down each plate with such a noise that you would expect to see it come in halves; then the children were dragged to their seats, and left there with a good shake; and, finally, she would sit down to her own breakfast with a sa[illegible] face, hardly answering when her mother spoke to her.

And in this way Lucy spent her life at home.

If she could do as she liked, and was not interrupted, she was tolerably cheerful and good-tempered; but call her away from preparing her lessons, or reading some book that had been lent her from the Sabbath-school library, and she gave nothing but cross looks and short, snappish answers.

Now, children, how is it with each one of you? It is right to be regular in class; to bring perfect lessons; to love the Sabbath-school, where kind teacherr tell of God's love in giving His Son Jesus Christ to die that we might be saved.

But how is it with you at home?—*Child's Companion.*

The Appetite for Strong Drink Taken Away—"Sometime ago I wrote to you for my husband. He was a victim to strong drink at that time, but blessed be God, he has not drank one drop for five months."—*From "Answers to Prayer."*

An Intemperate Husband Saved by Prayer.—"Some three weeks since, I asked you for my intemperate husband, that you would pray that he might be willing to be saved. He has been made willing to give up the intoxicating cup, and says he has not any desire for it. To God be all the praise."—*Ibid.*

A Harvest of Conversions.—"Last fall, I wrote you to pray for us. You did pray. The result was a wonderful increase of spiritual life—*fifty conversions.*"—*Ibid.*

The Family Circle.

A MOTHER'S DIARY

Morning! Baby on the floor,
Making for the fender,
Sunlight seems to make it sneeze
Baby "on a bender?"
All the spools upset and gone,
Chairs do run into file,
Harness strings all strung across,
Ought to make one smile,
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue
(How these charms will dwindle!)
For I rather think, don't you:
Baby "is a swindle."

Noon! A tangled silken floss
Getting in blue eyes,
Apron that will not keep clean,
If a baby tries!
One blue shoe untied, and one
Underneath the table,
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys
Well as they are able;
Baby in a high chair, too,
Yelling for his dinner.
Spoon in mouth, I think, don't you:
Baby "is a sinner."

Night! Chairs all set back again,
Blocks and spoons in order,
One blue shoe beneath a mat,
Tells of a marauder,
Apron folded on a chair,
Plaid dress torn and wrinkled,
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
Little fat knees crinkled,
In his crib, and conquered, too.
By sleep, best evangel.
Now I surely think, don't you?
Baby is an angel.

—*Boston Transcript*

THAT TEN DOLLARS

It was odd, very odd, reckon it up this way or that way, or in whatever way I might, the result was just the same—I had ten dollars more than I could account for. I went over the whole quarter's receipts again, to see if something had not been omitted, but everything was quite right. "Ha! what's this? It looks like a scratching out, and yet it can't be, for I never use a penknife." So I held the leaf up to the light, and scanned it closely, and then, turning it over, scrutinized it again. "It certainly does look very much like an erasure, but no, 'tis only a little roughness on the surface of the paper." I was completely puzzled. It was quite possible for me to have too little, but to have ten dollars too much—I could not understand that at all. "Well," I said to myself, "it's better, at any rate, than having ten dollars too little." Still, the idea of there being a mistake somewhere made me feel very uncomfortable.

I had been busy preparing my accounts in order to present them to my employers in the morning, for the morrow was a quarter day, and I knew that in nothing could a clerk offend so much as by being wrong in his balance. So I thought a little, and then determined to consult Jackson, our managing clerk. I was young at the time—not more than twenty, and, having been in the establishment only a few months, I knew but little of his character. He was exceedingly attentive to business, but there were some vague floating rumors going the round of the place, which accredited him with anything but a steady life. But he had always been very civil, and even kind, to me, and so, in my dilemma, I sought his advice. He went over my accounts with me, but could detect nothing wrong.

"Well, Watson," he said, "you are on the right side now, and if you take my advice, you will keep there. Just pocket the money, and say nothing about it."

Seeing that I demurred, he continued,—

"Of course you can do as you please, but I know this much, if you were that ten dollars short, you would have to make it up in quick time."

I was again about to make my objections to this mode of procedure, when I was cut short by a salesman, who came to say that Mr. Jackson was wanted in the sale room. As he strode away, Jackson turned round, and said,—

"I'll see you about it again, Watson, in the meantime, you need not mention it to any one."

I saw no more of him till my labors were done for the day, and I was reaching my hat down from its peg, when he tapped me over the shoulder.

"One word, Watson, before you go, if ever it should be found out where the mistake lies, I will make it all right for you. Good night."

That night the ten dollars were ever before me. The last thing I remember, before falling asleep, was thinking of the ten dollars. I dreamed of ten dollars. In the morning, while at breakfast, I laid the whole affair before my mother, and asked her counsel.

"Give up the money, of course."

"But you see, mother, I am afraid it would offend Jackson, he seems so much to wish me to hush it up."

"Never mind Jackson, do what is right, and I am sure it will be better for you in the end. Tell Mr. Elliot"—the head partner—"how it is, and I am certain he won't be angry."

I ate the remainder of my meal in silence, for, whilst I did not wish to make an enemy of Jackson, who could, if he pleased, make my situation very unpleasant, I had strong compunctions about keeping the money. Breakfast was over, and, as I was leaving home my mother took hold of my hand and said,—

"Promise me, Henry, before you go, that you will give up the money."

I hesitated.

"Surely, Henry, you would not steal?"

"Steal? Never!" And I promised at once.

Jackson found no time to speak to me that morning, being engaged with Mr. Elliot, but when, in turn, I entered the private office, I saw him cast an enquiring glance towards me.

"This seems all right, Watson," said Mr Elliot, after looking over my account. "Have you anything else?"

"Yes, sir, I have still ten dollars, of which I am unable to give any account."

"Strange! Are you sure that you have missed nothing?"

"Quite, sir, I have been over everything several times, and last night Mr. Jackson was kind enough to assist me."

"It's strange, but you can put the money back into your safe. I daresay it will be found out before the next quarter is due. And by the by, Watson, I intend to raise your salary. Holloway is going to leave, and I wish you to take his place."

I thanked him, and heartily, too; for a hundred dollars a year was no small income at our house.

"Let me see. I think Jackson, he had better begin to-morrow."

"Yes, sir; it will be most convenient."

"You hear, Watson. I believe there's nothing more. Good morning."

There was joy in our house that night, and on the morrow I went forth with a light heart to take possession of Holloway's stool.

And now, dear reader, just take a jump over the next three years. Jackson was still in his place, but I had risen step by step, until I occupied a post inferior only to that held by himself. The mystery attached to my ten dollars had never been unravelled, and they still reposed peacefully in my safe. Jackson and I got on very well together, but there was one thing which I could not understand. For a few nights before quarter-day, Jackson always, under some pretence or other, took the books home with him, but as I did not consider it my place to interfere, I said nothing.

It was the quarter day at the end of the three years of which I have spoken, and I was assisting Mr. Elliot in examining the account of one of the junior clerks, whose ledger exhibited a glaring deficiency of one hundred and fifty dollars. The youth was not the brightest in the world, and for a time he seemed stunned. But he was sure it must be some mistake of mine, his cash was all right three days ago; and he took the book to see for himself. The result was the same—deficit, one hundred and fifty dollars. Again he went over it, and I could see the big drops of sweat roll down his face as he again came to the same horrible conclusion—deficit, one hundred and fifty dollars. A third time he essayed to reconcile the difference, but suddenly stopping short, he turned to Mr Elliot, and cried,

"These are not my figures, sir."

"Then whose are they?"

"I don't know, sir, they are not mine; look, sir, something has been scratched out here."

"Umph! So there has. Has the ledger ever been out of your care?"

"No, sir—that is, yes—twice."

"When?"

"Last night and the night before."

"Who had it?"

"Mr Jackson."

"Then call Mr Jackson up here."

He came.

"Mr. Jackson," said Mr Elliot, "there's an error in Brown's account; something appears to have been scratched out, and as I understand you have had his ledger the last two nights, I thought perhaps you could explain it."

Jackson turned deadly pale, and, bending down to hide the ghastly hue of his countenance, he pretended to examine the figures.

Yes, there had been an erasure, but he could explain it. He had a private memorandum in his desk, he would fetch it.

Ten minutes went by, but Jackson did not return.

"Watson," said Mr Elliot, "will you go and say that I shall be pleased if Mr Jackson will come here immediately?"

I went, but could not find him.

"Osborne," I asked of a porter, "have you seen Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir; he went out about ten minutes ago."

"Went out?"

"Yes, sir; he came down stairs looking very white, and, taking his hat, he said he felt rather ill, and would get a little air."

I went back and told Mr. Elliot.

"Oh!" all he uttered, and then turning on his heel he motioned for us to follow. He first went to Osborne, who repeated his story again, and then he crossed to Jackson's desk, which was locked. A smith was sent for, and the lock forced.

"Mr Watson," said Mr. Elliot, taking out Jackson's books,—he had never called me Mr Watson before,—"will you come with me to my private room? I shall want you for a few minutes."

That few minutes expanded into hours; and the discovery of embezzlements by Jackson, to the extent of some thousand dollars, was the result of our labor. These frauds extended over several years, and by a curious coincidence, the very first of them was connected with my ten dollars—the last, of course, with Brown's hundred and fifty. Need I say that Jackson was never heard of again?

That night I walked home as the managing clerk of the firm of Elliot & Co., and never since have I forgotten the lesson taught me by my ten dollars.—*Monroe's Parlor Readings*

HOW LITTLE JOE HELPED ALONG.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

It was the morning of a raw cold day late in the fall. Gusts of wind blew fiercely out of doors, and dashes of rain came spitefully against the windows. It was the sort of day when people draw their wraps close around them, and walk fast to keep warm.

Maggie, Minta, and May were holding a council of three. Things were dark inside as well as out. Maggie had washed the dishes, Minta had made the beds, and May had swept the floor, and there was nothing more to do.

"We can't scrub, for there's no soap; and we can't cook dinner, for there's nothing to cook," said Maggie sadly.

"Is there no more on that ham-bone?" asked Minta.

"Not another scrap, nor a single potato left in the bin. I know mother paid her last cent to the baker this morning, and even if she gets her money for those coats, she will have to save it all for the rent. I don't know what is to become of us," said Minta.

"*I* mean to help along," cried cheery little May. "I'm going over the way to ask the lady who lives in the big house if she won't hire me to take care of the baby and run on errands. Her girl has gone away. I saw her march off an hour ago, with her clothes done up in a bundle, and Mrs. Earle hasn't had time to find a new one yet."

"May Marble," said Maggie, "do you suppose mother will consent to let you be a servant?"

"I see that poor mother has to work as hard as a servant herself," said May, "and I do not think she will be angry at my trying to do honest work. It is not worth while to be proud when we are all like old Mother Hubbard, who went to the cupboard to get the poor dog a bone—and when she got there the cupboard was bare, and so the poor dog had none."

May made a little courtesy, and went gaily across the street. Mrs. Earle was in trouble, Bridget had suddenly left. The baby-boy needed constant watching, and the house was in disorder. She gladly welcomed her little neighbor, and promised to give her twenty-five cents a day till she found a servant. May proved so handy and helpful that Mrs. Earle kept her for many weeks, and sent numerous presents of food and clothing to her mother and sisters. Each night when she came home to sleep, she brought with her some little token of regard or good-will.

Maggie and Minta, when May had gone, began to cast about and consider what they could do to help. They were only little girls, and heretofore their mother alone had provided for all. Maggie resolved to go and ask her teacher if she knew of anything which a child could do to earn money.

Miss Hertis had often been pleased with Maggie's clear sweet voice, and distinct way of pronouncing her words in Sunday-school. She was pleased to see that the little girl really desired to assist her dear ones in this strait, so she put on her thinking-cap, and presently she said,

"Maggie would you mind reading for an hour every day to a blind lady?"

"Oh, I should love to!" said Maggie with enthusiasm.

"Stop a minute, dear. It would not be stories, or anything very interesting to you. She loves to hear old sermons, and the person who reads to her now finds them very dry. If, however, you undertake the task, you must do your very best, and she will pay you one dollar a week."

Maggie agreed. She knew better than Miss Bertis did how far toward the rent that dollar a week would go. The rent was the great anxiety with Maggie's mother. That must be met, though they had scanty food and little fire.

Minta, meanwhile, waited till her mother came home. She was the mother-girl. To her surprise, her mother had heard of something she could do.

"It is boy's work, dear, but you are very strong, and the money will be a help. Mrs. Brown goes to church every day to practice on the organ, and she will give you or anybody ten cents an hour for acting as blower. I told her I thought one of my little girls would oblige her."

So there had Minta's work been found.

What could Joe do? Little crippled Joe, who sat all day long in his high chair by the window, with such a sorrowful face that even passers-by sometimes felt a pang of pity. Joe had not always had a lame back and twisted form, as he had now. Two years ago he could run and jump as well as any boy. Then he had tripped on an icy crossing, and a carriage turning the corner swiftly had passed over him. He was sick a long time, and now he knew that he was lame for life. Joe saw and heard his sisters as they planned how to help mother, and he felt more melancholy than ever. He turned his face to the window, and tear after tear rolled slowly down the thin white cheeks.

Suddenly the window was raised from the outside. A little gloved hand thrust itself in, and left on Joe's lap a beautiful bunch of violets, with geranium leaves around them, and a sweet pink rose-bud in the middle. He looked up to thank the giver, but no one was there. Then he looked at the flowers, and somehow in spite of his wishes,—for sometimes when we have naughty feelings, or sad ones, we try to keep them, not try to send them away, as we ought,—he began to feel happy. The rose-bud smiled at him, the violets almost kissed him with their fragrance, and the geranium leaves were a delight. Before he knew it, his evil thoughts went far off, and he felt, looking at the flowers, a bit of comfort coming warm and glad into his heart. A stanza of a hymn, which just then his mother began to hum over her sewing, added to his content, and to her surprise, he joined his voice to hers. Both sang, the mother over her stitching, by one window, and the boy with his violets by the other.—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast,
There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Then there was a silence. By and by the mother spoke.

"Joe, dear, you don't know how you help me to-day. You look so happy. It takes a burden right off my heart to see you pleased."

So Joe found out how he could help along too. Each in the way God shows us, we can all be helpful in this world, some by working, and some by simply trying, wherever they are, to be as bright and cheerful as they can.—*Ill. Christian Weekly.*

BOB'S CONSCIENCE.

BY ALDEN COLLINGWOOD.

In a corner in the meadow-side farm, near the barns and stable yards, stood an old hayrick. It had long ago fallen into disuse, but owing to its antiquity it had been left standing. The cows and the chickens were the only ones who enjoyed it now, the former often standing under its cover on warm summer days when the sun grew too hot to stay in the open field, and the cocks used it as the fittest place to perch before sunrise and crow their good morning to the "lay-a-beds" at home.

There was not much beauty in it and it was of no real use, but it often afforded Bob King some pleasure in playing hide-and-seek with the other boys and sliding down its thatched roof.

Bob often thought what a glorious sight it would be to see such a tumble-down thing burn up.

"My!" he exclaimed one day, confidentially to Tom Long, "wouldn't she blaze! I tell you what, Tom, she'd make a regular Fourth of July fire-cracker."

Tom of course agreed with Bob and wished Bob would carry out his plan and not talk so much about it.

Bob felt in his heart it would not be right to burn up what did not belong to him—something told him he would get into trouble if he did, but then he could not help thinking what fun it would be to build a fire under and watch it burn. Tom Long too was always teasing him about his cowardly behavior, and

he hated more than anything else to be called a coward.

So finally he consented one day to wait until the large farm bell which was to call the men to dinner rang, and then the two boys stole quietly out of the house and ran to the stable yard with all their might lest some one might see them and prevent the destruction of the old hay-rick.

There was mischief brewing in the air that day and every sound made the boys start and turn around to see if they were discovered. But their plans were carried out without interruption, and in less than five minutes the old hay crib was all ablaze smoking and crackling and sizzling like the biggest bonfire.

Unfortunately the boys had forgotten the north-east wind that was blowing, and thought of nothing but their eagerness to run away before the men reached the spot. The barns were in the greatest danger and the hen-roosts had already caught from the burning straw.

To make matters worse Tom Long, who really was the cause of the fire, ran home and left Bob to help himself the best way he could. Bob could see the dreadful calamity he had wrought by his thoughtlessness and yet dared not venture a stone's throw from where he was hiding. He waited and wished, but it was no use, the barn was burnt down and he was afraid to go home and tell his father how it was done.

The shadows began to fall and night closed in. He knew only too well how anxious the family would feel at his disappearance, and he was also quite faint from his long fasting. "What shall I do?" he cried, "I never can tell father, and now I remember he forbade me ever playing with fire." There he sat squeezed down in a dark corner full of spiders and cob-webs, suffering tortures because his conscience told him how very wrong he had been, until finally he heard footsteps and from the words he could catch he guessed they were looking everywhere for him. Not for anything would he show himself, because he could not tell that he did it, and his conscience had accused him enough already. He saw the farm hands looking everywhere for him and the light of their lanterns streamed into his hiding-place almost revealing his whereabouts, but he remained quite still until they had passed out of sight. There was not much chance of his getting home that night, and he began to feel so tired and such a tremendous lump in his throat would try to choke him. He could not get rid of it either, until finally Bob felt so unhappy he began to cry. How much he wished he had never been so disobedient! He thought of all the wicked things he had ever done how often he had teased his sister and cruelly tied pussy to a tree; he counted on his fingers the number of times he had run off from school to go shooting until he wished he had never been born, he was so unhappy. It was very dark and he felt so lonely, he wanted to sleep in his comfortable bed at home, which was far easier than the tiny corner he was almost suffocating in.

At last unable to endure any longer the great suspense, he crept slowly out and ran around to the sitting room window and softly turned the blind. He could see the family looking troubled enough and heard each one ask about him, but still he dared not go in because he lacked courage to tell the whole truth and confess his fault. Finally Bob grew so sleepy he sank down on the door-step and slept soundly.

Now it happened that his father coming out to take one more look found him there and gently raising him in his arms carried him into the cosy sitting-room and laid him on the sofa. No need to tell his father who did the mischief—he read it plain enough in Bob's face and he saw he was severely punished by his own conscience.

If he had only had courage to resist Tom Long's influence he would have been spared much sorrow, but in the beginning he was afraid to be called a coward by a boy who really was one, and he therefore proved himself anything but brave when he could not say no when his conscience told him it was wrong.

You may be sure Bob's father forgave him, and as to Bob himself he grew to be a good boy and wasn't afraid to be called a coward when he felt sure he was right, and I do not believe he ever forgot that night, and if ever you should come across him I hope you will not forget to ask him about the day the old hay-rick was set on fire. I think he will say he found it better and more comfortable to have a clear conscience.

HELP, OR HINDER, WHICH?

"Harry! Harry! There, dear, I wouldn't. Harry, if you please."

These were some of the mild, deprecatory expressions that Mrs. Linn was often constrained to use during class exercises, as her attention was unwillingly attracted toward the mischievous and demoralizing pranks of one of the brightest, and in some respects, most interesting pupils of her large class of boys.

One Sunday Mrs. Linn asked Harry to stop a few moments after school. "I've a favor to ask of you," she added in her brightest and pleasantest manner, that at once disarmed any rising rebelliousness in the lad, who knew that he had been even more than usually reckless in his annoying actions that morning, and who suspected that his teacher desired to remonstrate in private with him concerning those habits that caused her such grief and pain. But her countenance reassured him, and he waited willingly, all the chivalric element of his bright boy nature responding heartily to his teacher's implied demand upon him for loyal service.

"It's just this, Harry," said Mrs. Linn, taking the lad's hand as if to bid him "good-bye," and by the act indicating that she meant not to detain him, "you comprehend how a person may render a positive service?"

"Certainly," answered the boy.

"Well, I've been thinking that it may be possible for one to render service negatively. I don't know for a certainty that such a thing can be done. I know, however that if it can, you are the very boy to demonstrate its possibility to me. The favor I ask of you is of the negative sort. I will deal candidly with you in asking it, you may deal as candidly in granting or refusing it. I must have the help the co-operation of every member of my class; the positive help, if I can, if not that, then if it can be had, the negative help. You have shown plainly that you will not accord to me that positive help which I so much need, and would so highly prize. The weight of your influence you throw against me I fear, too, that your influence may be even strong enough to bar some of your companions out of the Kingdom. I dread to think of your assuming the responsibility and the consequent accountability of such grave action. The favor I wish is your promise that, since you will not help either your teacher or your classmates in the way of life, at least you will try not to hinder them. Is that more than fair?"

"No, I suppose not," said the lad thoughtfully.

"Deal fairly by me in your answer, then," said Mrs. Linn. "If you will not or cannot grant my favor, that ends the matter, of course. I don't wish you to make a promise that you are certain not to perform. But if you think you can cordially grant it, I shall be grateful indeed for your promise not to hinder by any word or deed, those of your companions who, but for you, might strive to enter in at the strait gate. It is of the nature of a negative service, and, as I said, perhaps it is an impossible thing. I only ask you to promise to try it."

Harry's hand had remained in his teacher's while she stood and made known her wishes to him. He did not withdraw it as he stood a moment and thought: only a moment. Then he gave her hand a quick, decided grasp, and said, "All right, I know what you mean. I'll try it. You can depend on me."

"Thank you, Harry," said Mrs. Linn. "I thought I could depend on you if only I could get you enlisted." And with a bright smile she bade him "good morning" and went her way.

Weeks passed. Harry stood manfully to his promise. No sly, irreverent word or gesture was suffered to escape him. No ridicule or scoffing remark fell from his lips. When Jasper Burns, who for a long time had been shyly and tremblingly seeking the way of salvation, at length announced his new-found hope, Harry so far controlled himself as to repress both word and grimace, though he was aching to whisper "Correct! Go up head! Clear up into holiness corner, Brother Burns," in the old teasing fashion. Only he had promised Mrs. Linn not to hinder. One Sunday it came Harry's turn to ask Mrs. Linn to remain a few moments with him. Without preface or apology he blurted out the matter. "It's all up, Mrs. Linn. It can't be done. You've got to help, or you've got to hinder."

"Yes?" gently said Mrs. Linn, in an enquiring tone.

"I don't believe there is such a thing as negative service," said Harry, with a scornful tone. "Any way, I can't render it. I'm not one of the negative sort. I'm positive, whether I mean to be or not. Just think! Charley Harris whispered to me this morning that he wished he was a Christian. 'Well,' said I, 'what hinders?' And what do you suppose he said? 'You hinder,' says he. 'If you were only a good boy, I'd be one quick enough. You see how it is?'" added Harry to Mrs. Linn.

"Yes," she answered sadly "It is the old, old sorrow that pierced the heart of the Master when here on earth. 'He that is not for me is against me.'" There was a moment's silence. Then Mrs. Linn said tenderly and earnestly,

"I think the Lord has spoken to you, Harry, in this matter. I don't see but that he has laid it upon you to choose what you are willing to do—help, or hinder; which?"

And Harry's brave and manly answer, as he arose and gave his hand to his teacher, caused her happy heart to sing for joy.

"I've thought a good deal about all that since that Sunday, you know. I will not hinder. I told you you could depend on me for that. Consequently I must help." Then, with a bright smile, though the tears were in his eyes as he spoke, he added, "You have got me enlisted."—*Mrs. Wyeth, in S. S. Classmate.*

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

In a discourse upon this passage, Dr. Cuyler says:—

This passage has a beautiful application to a Christian old age. Many people have a silly dread of growing old and look upon gray hairs as a standing libel. But, if life is well spent, its Indian Summer ought to bring a full granary and a golden leaf. Bunyan introduces his Pilgrim to a Land of Beulah, where flowers of rare beauty grow, and where *breezes from the Celestial City fan the furrowed cheek.* The spiritual light at the gloaming of life becomes mellower, it is strained of mists and impurities. The aged believer seems to see deeper into God's Word and further into God's Heaven. Not every human life has a golden sunset. Some suns go down under a cloud. At evening-time it is cold and dark I have been looking lately at the testimonies left by two celebrated men who died during my boyhood. One of them was the king of novelists; the other was the king of philanthropists. Both had lost their fortunes and lost their health.

The novelist wrote as follows: "The old post-chaise gets more shattered at every turn of the wheel. Windows will not pull up; doors refuse to open and shut. Sicknesses come thicker and faster; friends become fewer *and fewer. Death has closed the long, dark* avenue upon early loves and friendships. I look at them as through the grated door of a burial-place, filled with monuments of those once dear to me. I shall never see the three-score and ten and shall be summed up at a discount." Ah! that is not a cheerful sunset of a splendid literary career. At evening-time it looks gloomy and the air smells of the sepulchre.

Listen now to the old Christian philanthropist, whose inner life was hid with Christ in God. He writes: "I can scarce understand why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be just as happy without a fortune as with one. Sailors on a voyage drink to 'friends astern' till they are half-way across; and after that it is 'friends ahead.' With me it has been 'friends *ahead*' for many a year." The veteran pilgrim was getting nearer home. The Sun of Righteousness flooded his western sky. At evening-time it was light.

ONE IN CHRIST.

A CHAPTER OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCE BY H. B. G.

Among our neighbors last winter were a young married couple who had recently buried their only child. The poor mother, who felt—as every mother so smitten has felt—as if her affliction were without parallel, turned to the great Burden-bearer and in Him found rest. She was of a shrinking disposition, however, and for some time she refrained from making any public profession of her faith. In the spring there was an unusual degree of interest in the church which she attended and one of her friends proposed to her that they should together unite with the church at the May communion. After considerable hesitation she decided that she ought to do so.

One day when her husband came home from his work she said to him, "I am thinking of going with Mrs. ——to meet the examining committee this evening, with reference to joining the church next month." She had not expected to receive any encouragement from him, but had even feared that he might dislike the idea. He said nothing, however, and when she went out she had no means of judging what he thought of her action.

Left alone, the husband tried to busy himself in carrying out the plans which he had laid for the evening, but he felt nervous, and the stillness of the house oppressed him. His thoughts kept wandering after his wife. In his heart he could not help approving her resolution, yet he keenly felt that it was taking her away from him. Finally he became so disturbed that he could no longer remain in the house. Taking his hat he set out for a walk, hoping the cool air and exercise would restore his calm. He hardly noticed which way he was walking, till suddenly he found himself on the street corner opposite the church.

Instinctively he glanced toward the windows of the committee-room, and as the light from them met his eyes there arose into his soul an overwhelming sense of his own position. Inside the room was his wife, enjoying light and warmth and the kind counsel of wise friends; only a few feet away he stood in cold and darkness and loneliness. But all this was only a symbol to him, for he was thinking of the Saviour whom she had chosen, but he had rejected, of the narrow way which she had entered, but upon which he had refused to set his feet He was separated from her, and as the years passed this separation would increase

He was shut out from her now, he would be shut out in the life to come. Between him and her there would be a great gulf fixed, which no one could cross.

He paced up and down before the church, his feeling growing more and more intense until it amounted to absolute agony. Very clearly he saw the one way by which all further separation might be avoided. He knew and acknowledged to himself the duty which God was thus forcibly setting before him, but all the forces of his nature were in armed rebellion. The struggle was fierce and bitter. Every time he came in sight of the committee room windows he felt afresh that he was shut out, and he could not put away the reflection that when once the Bridegroom had passed in, and the doors had been shut to, it would be forever too late for any to enter. "There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Even while the sense of loneliness and utter desolation deepened, he saw one knocking at the door, and he heard the voice of one saying, "If any man . . . . open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Many a time he had seen and heard the same, but he had chosen to avert his eyes and close his ears, now resolved to undo the door. The struggle was over. "Oh Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

We have Bible warrant for believing that there was joy in heaven that night over a penitent sinner, and well we know that there was devoutest joy and thanksgiving in that wife's heart when she learned from her husband's lips that the step which she had dreaded and shrunk from taking so long had been the crowning influence in winning him to Christ.

When the first Sunday in May came, the two, separated no longer in any respect, but more perfectly and happily united than ever before, sat together at the communion table.—*Christian Union.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

XVIII.

1. An emblem of the Lord of life and grace,
   Whose death has wrought salvation for our race?
2. What typifies our Heavenly Father's care
   And shows the love He to his children bare?
3. And in sad contrast, name a type of those
   Who 'gainst God's Word have dared their ears to close?
4. Who first brought sorrow to the world below,
   And was the source of all its sin and woe?
5. A type of Him, of whom it is foretold
   That He shall draw all nations to his fold?
6. A type of Jesus' kind and gentle sway,
   By which He leads us in the heavenly way?
7. To what choice jewel, beautiful and rare,
   Did John the founders of the Church compare?
8. A tree that symbolized the Jews of old,
   And in a figure their sad fate foretold?
9. An emblem that our Lord doth typify?
   How safe are those who on His aid rely?
10. A symbol brought to show God's wrath did cease,
    Which hence became the well-known type of peace?
11. What is of coming day a herald bright,
    And typifies the God of love and light?
12. A type of Him who did from heaven descend,
    And feeds all those that on His grace depend?
13. A type of that which makes all sorrows light,
    And throws a beam across the darkest night?
14. An emblem of a city placed on high
    Which dared Almighty power to defy?

In the *initials* of these types we read
Not to depend on man in time of need,
But put our trust in God's Almighty power,
Who help will give for every trying hour.

— The *Day of Rest* gives the following marvellous particulars respecting the production of the Bible. "The Bible production in our time is equal to more than a million copies a year, or say more than nineteen thousand every week, more than three thousand every day, three hundred every hour, or five every minute of working time. At this rate, the press is producing an English Bible or New Testament every twelve seconds. These Bibles are not wasted—they are required—and more copies of the Sacred Scriptures are demanded in the English tongue than in the language of all the other nations of the world, although the number of versions to which this country gives encouragement and assistance, over and above, is considerably more than one hundred and fifty."

A SENSIBLE MOTHER.

It is a really pitiful sight to see a good, conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep skirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go to for social companionship! Yet, before they are snubbed out of it by repeated rebuffs, such as "Run away, I'm too busy to listen to your nonsense," children naturally go to their mothers with all their sorrows and pleasures, and if "mother" can only enter into all their little plans, how pleased they are! Such a shout of delight as I heard last summer from Mrs. Friendly's croquet ground, where her two little girls were playing! "Oh, goody, goody, mamma is coming to play with us!" She was a busy mother, too, and I know would have much preferred to use what few moments of recreation she could snatch, for something more interesting than playing croquet with little children, not much taller than their mallets. She has often said to me, "I cannot let my children grow away from me, I must keep right along with them all the time, and whether it is croquet with the little ones, or Latin grammar and base-ball with the boys, or French dictation and sash-ribbons with the girls, I must be 'in it' as far as I can."—*From "Letters to a Young Mother;" Scribner for March.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

From the International Lessons for 1877 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON III

JULY 15.]

TURNING TO THE GENTILES. [About 48 A. D.]

READ Acts xiii 42-52. RECITE vs. 45, 46, 48.

DAILY READINGS.—*M*—Acts xiii 42-52 *T*—Rom ii. 11-29. *W*—Matt. xxi 33-46 *Th*—Isa. xlix 5-23. *F*—Rom. xv 8-21 *Sa*—Ephesians ii. *S*—Isaiah lx.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And in his name shall the Gentiles trust.—Matt. xii 21

CENTRAL TRUTH—Abused blessings are forfeited

CONNECTED HISTORY.—On the Sabbath after Paul and Barnabas had declared the word of God in Antioch of Pisidia they were opposed by the Jews; turned to the Gentiles and went to Iconium.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—The danger of putting aside the calls of the Gospel as the Jews did at Antioch must not be overlooked

NOTES.—*Syn'-a-gogue*, Jewish 'meeting-house' or church, found in cities of the East wherever there was a Jewish population *Gen'-tiles*, a word applied to all not Jews. *Prose'-lytes*, all persons not born Jews who accepted the Jewish religion *Je-ru'-sa-lem* capital city of Lycaonia, a province of Asia Minor It was 60 miles south east from Antioch in Pisidia, now has about 30 000 inhabitants, and is called Konieh

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE GOSPEL SOUGHT (II.) THE GOSPEL REJECTED (III.) THE GOSPEL TO THE GENTILES. (IV.) THE PREACHERS PERSECUTED

I. THE GOSPEL SOUGHT. (42.) JEWS WERE GONE, or "were going out," SYNAGOGUE, see Notes, GENTILES, all not Jews, BESOUGHT, asked, urged, NEXT SABBATH, not the Sabbath between, as some say, see v 44 (43.) BROKEN UP, dismissed, RELIGIOUS PROSELYTES, literally, "the worshipping strangers" (*Abbott*), TO CONTINUE, or "to remain in the grace of the Lord. (44.) NEXT SABBATH, one week after the first meeting, WHOLE CITY, Jews and Gentiles.

1 QUESTIONS.—In what city were Paul and Barnabas preaching? In what building? For what were the synagogues used? Whom by? Who besides the Jews attended the preaching? What did the Gentiles desire? Who besides Scripture instruction from the apostles? What command was given them? How many came the next sabbath to hear the gospel

II. THE GOSPEL REJECTED (45.) ENVY, or "zeal, for the Jewish religion, CONTRADICTING . . BLASPHEMY not denying and abusing the apostles, blaspheming here does not mean taking the name of God in vain. (46.) NECESSARY, for Christ ordered it, Luke xxiv 47; PUT IT FROM YOU, reject the gospel, TURN TO THE GENTILES, not only and wholly, but chiefly, to them. See chap xvii. 5, 11; xi. 23.

II. QUESTIONS.—What slight stirred up the Jews? Why? In what ways did the Jews speak against Paul? What is here meant by *blaspheming*? What effect had this on Paul? Why was it "necessary" first to preach the gospel to the Jews? How had they judged themselves unworthy? To whom would Paul turn?

III. THE GOSPEL TO THE GENTILES (47.) COMMANDED, see Isa. xlix. 6; Matt iv 16; viii 11. (48.) WERE GLAD, not all the Gentiles, but those desiring salvation, ORDAINED, appointed. (49.) PUBLISHED, preached, known; ALL THE REGION, the gospel was preached, not by the apostles only, but by other believers.

III. QUESTIONS.—By whose command was the gospel preached to the Gentiles? What prophecy is quoted in proof of this? Where is it found? How did the Gentiles receive this announcement? How widely was the gospel preached? By whom probably?

IV. THE PREACHERS PERSECUTED (50.) STIRRED UP, urged to oppose Paul DEVOUT AND HONORABLE, "Jewish proselytes of social influence" (*Abbott*); RE PELLED, drove them out. (51.) SHOOK OFF THE DUST, as Christ commanded. Matt. x. 14; ICONIUM, see Notes. (52.) DISCIPLES, "the converts" (*Abbott*)

IV. QUESTIONS.—Who opposed Paul and Barnabas at Antioch? Who were induced to join the Jews in the persecution? With what act did Paul and Barnabas leave Antioch? What shook sanctioned this form of witnessing against rejectors of the gospel? To what place did Paul and Barnabas come?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) To invite godly men to instruct us?

(2.) To receive their instructions?

(3.) To teach the despised classes the gospel?

(4.) To beware of having a censorious or persecuting spirit?

LESSON IV.

JULY 22.]

PAUL AT LYSTRA. [About 48 A.D.]

READ Acts xiv 8-20. RECITE vs. 13-17.

DAILY READINGS.—*M*—Acts xiv. 8-20. *T*—Matt. ix. 27-38. *W*—Ps. cxlvi *Th*—1 Pet iv. 3-10. *F*—Rom. i. 13-25. *Sa*—2 Tim. iii. 8-17. *S*—2 Cor. xi 16-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But the Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting king.—Jer. x. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord alone is exalted by the apostles.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul and Barnabas were persecuted in Iconium for preaching the gospel, and compelled to flee to Lystra and Derbe, in the same province of Lycaonia.

NOTES.—*Lys'-tra*, a city of Lycaonia, 20 miles south of Iconium, and town' Syria. It was in a deep valley, lofty mountain peaks surrounding the place on all sides except the north Ruins of the city and its churches are still to be seen *Lyc-a-o'-nia*, a province of Asia Minor. Their "speech" some suppose to have been Assyrian; others, a corrupt Greek, as Greek was the language commonly spoken in Asia Minor. *Ju'-pi-ter*, the supreme deity of the Romans, and called Zeus by the Greeks. A temple and statue to this god stood at Lystra. Acts xiv. 13. It was a common belief that the gods sometimes visited the earth in the form of men. *Mer'-cu-ry* According to Roman fables, Mercury was the son of Jupiter, and the god of eloquence. *Der'-be*, another city of Lycaonia, about 20 miles east of Lystra; now in ruins.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) A CRIPPLE HEALED. (II.) THE HEALERS CALLED GODS. (III.) THEY DECLARE THE TRUE GOD. (IV.) THEY ARE PERSECUTED.

I. A CRIPPLE HEALED. (8.) SAT, perhaps near the market-place to beg; LYSTRA, see Notes, IMPOTENT, helpless; NEVER HAD WALKED, hopelessly by physicians. (9.) HEARD, of "was hearing;" FAITH TO BE HEALED, literally "to be saved"—that is, faith either to accept salvation and healing, or faith to believe he could be healed (10.) STAND UPRIGHT, Paul seems to omit any reference to Christ, but doubtless Christ had been the theme of his preaching, LEAPED AND WALKED, see Acts iii. 8.

I. QUESTIONS.—From what cities had Paul and Barnabas fled to Lystra? Why? What man was found at Lystra? How afflicted? What did Paul see that he had? How did he speak to him? With what result?

II. THE HEALERS CALLED GODS. (11.) SPEECH OF LYCAONIA, this language is not now generally known. It was probably not understood by Paul, and hence he did not sooner check the people; GODS ARE COME, see Notes. (12.) JUPITER MERCURIUS, see Notes. (13.) GATES, or "doors of the house where Paul was; GARLANDS, wreaths of flowers.

II. QUESTIONS.—Who saw the healing of the cripple? In what language did the people speak? Is it probable that Paul understood this? What did the people say? What did they call Barnabas? Paul? Why? What were the people about to do? Who came to the "gates"? Bringing what?

III. THEY DECLARE THE TRUE GOD. (14.) RENT THEIR CLOTHES, as a sign of their grief and horror; RAN IN, rushed forth among the people. (15.) SIRS, "men," more nearly as we say, "Gentlemen," NOT GODS, MORTALS, mortals like you, not divine; VANITIES see Ps. xxxi. 6; Jonah ii. 8, 1 Cor. viii 4. (16.) SUFFERED—that is, withheld punishment for such sin. (17.) NOT LEFT HIMSELF WITHOUT WITNESS, Rom. i. 18-21 (18.) SCARCE RESTRAINED, etc., restrained them "from sacrificing."

III. QUESTIONS.—Whom did Paul and Barnabas say to prevent the people from sacrificing to them? Why did they not do to them the people called their gods? In what speech did the people make this cry? How were the people restrained? To whom were they directed as the true God? How were the true God declared to them?

IV. THEY ARE PERSECUTED. (19.) CAME THITHER, literally, "came upon them;" PERSUADED THE PEOPLE, "persuaded the multitudes to let the Jews stone them" (*Alexander*); STONED, see Notes, stoned first and then dragged him out of the city. In Jerusalem, a Jewish city, they would have first taken him out and then stoned him see Acts vii. 58) SUPPOSING, implies that they thought him dead, when he was outwardly dead. (20.) STOOD ABOUT, in sorrow, to lament over him, or to see if he were alive or dead; some think he was miraculously restored others that he was only stunned and as really soon recovered; DERBE, see Notes.

IV. QUESTIONS.—Who came upon Paul and Barnabas at Lystra? From what places? What to do? Where did they leave Paul? What did the Jews suppose? Who were by him? How did they show their anxiety for him? What did Paul do as they watched over him? Whither did he go?

What facts in this lesson teach us—

(1.) The value of faith?

(2.) That our reverence for good men should never take the place of reverence for God?

(3.) That zeal is never good in a bad cause?

INQUIRATIONS.—The people of Lystra concluded that in Barnabas they had Jupiter, the great god of their city; and that Paul was Mercury, his orator, accompanying him. In Samoa a chief in travelling is attended by his principal orator; and if formal speeches are made anywhere, the chief never speaks first; that is done by his orator. (*Turner.*)

Humility.—Cuvier the great naturalist treated all men as his equals, and would not allow others to treat him as a superior. One day while discussing a question in anatomy, a student addressed him by his title of "baron." "There is no baron here," replied Cuvier; "there are only two students seeking Truth, and bowing down only to her."

LESSON V.

JULY 29.]

THE YOKE BROKEN. [About 49-50 A. D.]

READ Acts xv 22-31. RECITE vs. 28-31.

DAILY READINGS.—*M*—Acts xv. 22-31. *T*—Acts xv. 1-21. *W*—Gal. ii. 1-16. *Th*—2 Cor. iv. 5-18. *F*—Acts xxi. 10-33. *Sa*—1 Peter i. 18-25. *S*—Galatians v.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.—Gal. v. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Gospel gives liberty.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Paul and Barnabas having preached in Perga, returned to Lystra, Iconium, Antioch (in Pisidia), Iconium, Derbe, and to Antioch (in Syria), and reported to the church there, whence they had been sent out to preach, the results of their mission. A discussion having arisen in the church at Antioch about circumcision, Paul, Barnabas, and others were sent to Jerusalem to consult the apostles, who rendered their decision.

NOTES.—*Ju'-das Bar'-sa-bas*, a prophet and teacher of Jerusalem, probably not the same as the apostle Judas, who was called Thaddeus or Lebbeus. *Si'-las*, probably the same as Silvanus of the Epistles (2 Cor. i. 19; 1 Thess. i. 1; 2 Thess. i. 1); was Roman under companion of Paul on his second missionary journey; was at Philippi, Berea, and Corinth (Acts xv 40; xvi 22-40; xvii. 14. *Cil'-i-cia*, the south-east province of Asia Minor; capital was Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul; Cicero governed the province for a year.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE CHURCH COUNCIL. (II.) ITS DECISION. (III.) THE DECISION DECLARED AT ANTIOCH.

I. THE CHURCH COUNCIL. (22.) THEN, after, Peter, Barnabas, Paul and James (the Just), and others had spoken, see vs. 7-13; MEET COMPANY—that is, the church at Jerusalem, CHOSEN MEN, chosen by the apostles and the church; THEIR OWN COMPANY, or "their own" (church), company should be in italics as there is no word for it in the original; JUDAS BARSABAS, SILAS, see Notes. (23.) WROTE implies that an exact copy of the letter follows; ELDERS AND BRETHREN. In the earlier manuscript copies of the Acts the "and" is omitted, hence some think only two bodies, "apostles" and "elders" are named, "brethren" being merely explanatory. GREETING, literally to rejoice, "I give joy, see ch. xxiii. 26; of the Gentiles, Christians who were Gentiles; heathen, or Greek. CHRIST, see Notes.

I. QUESTIONS.—Give the title of this lesson. What "yoke" is meant? What had made the Gentiles must be circumcised? v. 1. Who were sent to Jerusalem to consult about it? Why was it needful to consult the apostles? Which of the apostles gave advice? Whose counsel was followed? Who were chosen to go to Antioch? What were they to say? What did the apostles and elders write? By whom was the letter sent?

II. ITS DECISION. (24.) FORASMUCH AS, or "since," HAVE TROUBLED, see v. 1; SUBVERTING, what for, turning your minds away from the truth, the covenant of grace, CIRCUMCISION, the character Jerusalem had not authorized (see Notes); (25.) WITH ONE ACCORD, or "having become of one mind;" ONE CHOSEN, thus implying that Barnabas and Paul, (26.) HAZARDED, "have proved themselves willing to risk" (27.) JUDAS SILAS, see Notes; SAME THINGS, same as we write. (28.) THE HOLY GHOST, they claim to speak as inspired or guided by the Spirit. (29.) ABSTAIN, keep from; OFFERED TO IDOLS, flesh of animals offered in sacrifice to idols, these forbidden things would naturally lead them back into idolatry, and would give offence to Jews; BLOOD, the rule against them; STRANGLED, killed without being bled; FARE YE WELL, literally "be ye strong."

II. QUESTIONS.—Who had troubled the church at Antioch? To what class of Christians was the letter addressed? In what places? What had been required by certain Jews? On whose authority? By whose guidance did the Christians at Jerusalem write? v. 28. How did they commend Barnabas and Paul? Who were sent with these brethren? For what purpose? State the four things required in the letter. The meaning of "Fare ye well"

III. THE DECISION DECLARED AT ANTIOCH. (30.) DISMISSED, sent with these directions; GATHERED, they call a public assembly; EPISTLE, one letter not "letters," as in our version in v. 23. CONSOLATION, encouraging words and decision, since it tended to settle their troubles.

III. QUESTIONS.—Who were "dismissed"? Where to? What did they gather? What deliver? To whom? By whom was it read? How received? Why so?

From what facts in this lesson may we learn—

(1.) That it is wise to seek prayerful counsel to guide us in our Christian conduct?

(2.) That Christians may expect the guidance of the Holy Spirit in settling difficulties?

EPPS'S COCOA.—Some time since, in a series of articles in these columns upon food, we spoke in terms of unqualified praise of Messrs. Epps & Co.'s "Prepared Cocoa." The opinion we then expressed as to its purity and nutritious qualities has been fully endorsed by the public, as shown in its increased and steadily increasing consumption. We believe that Messrs. Epps's manufactories are now the largest of the kind in the three kingdoms, and the total quantity of "Prepared Cocoa" consumed at the present time approaches four millions of pounds annually. This result is not surprising. The dietetic properties of native cocoa are well-known, but in the form prepared by Messrs. Epps, Homœopathic Chemists, they are rendered additionally valuable, both on account of their increased nutritive power and digestible character. We rejoice to see the high opinion we originally held to have been so generally confirmed, and we again congratulate Messrs. Epps on the sound and valuable addition they have made to our not over lengthy list of dietetic foods.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, WHICH HAS recently been enlarged and changed in its make up to a quarto, is an excellent example of the success which surely follows persevering and well-directed legitimate effort. The sheet is about the size of the daily *Mail* or *Globe*, while it contains more reading matter than either, and is sold at the remarkably low price of one cent. It is without doubt the cheapest newspaper on the continent.—[Tees-water News, June 1st.]

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THE MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS IS NOW ISsued in eight-page form, and printed on a new eight-cylinder Hoe press, the only one of the kind in use in the Province, printing eight sheets at each revolution of the type cylinder. The progress of the WITNESS has never been fluctuating, but always steady. When we stood at the case in the office of our contemporary, only a double cylinder press was used for the inside pages, and, if our memory serves us rightly, the outside pages were printed on a single cylinder press. Even then, however, the WITNESS took the lead of all its contemporaries in point of circulation, as it has also kept pace with the times in the matter of improvement in machinery. We congratulate the proprietors on the success which has attended their efforts for doing good, and trust they may be enabled to make many improvements in the future.—[Cowansville Observer.]

THIS IS THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW DOminion Monthly, twenty-first volume. Counting by volumes, it is of age. It was born the same day as our New Dominion, and christened by the same name. The two have grown together side by side. Both have had troubles, both have conquered, both stand prepared to go on improving, both require the aid of willing minds and hands. This can be done by our friends speaking of the Magazine, if they can do so consistently, as one worthy of support, and further by urging those whom they think would profited by it to subscribe. We will send a sample copy free to any desiring to see the magazine before subscribing, or to any likely to subscribe whose names may be sent us. [From Publishers Department, in NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.]

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The NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published on the 1st and 15th of every month, at Nos. 35 and 37 Bonaventure street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, of New York, and John Redpath Dougall and J. D. Dougall, of Montreal.